A DISCOVRSE OF The Queenes Maiesties entertainement in Suffolk and Norffolk:

With a deſcription of many things then preſently ſeene.

Deuiſed by THOMAS CHVRCHYARDE, Gent. with diuers ſhewes of his own inuention ſette out at Norwich: and ſome rehearſal of hir Highneſſe retourne from Progreſſe.

Wherevnto is adioyned a commendation of *Sir Humfrey Gilberts Ventrous iourney.*

AT LONDON,
Imprinted by Henrie Bynneman,
ſeruante to the right Honourable Sir
CHRISTOFER HATTON
Vizchamberlayne.

To the righte vvorſhipfull Maiſter *Gilbert Gerrard*, the Queenes Maieſties Attourney Generall, Thomas Churchyard Gent. ſendeth this ſigne of good will, and wiſheth encreaſe of worthy fame.

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HAVING a deſire (right Worſhipfull) to continue in youre fauour and amitie, I deuiſed ſundry ways to giue you ſome cauſe of recreation, amid the multitude of youre graue ſtudies, and weightie affayres, and knowing that no one thing is more welcome to a worthy witte, than the vnderſtanding of matter, wherein the dutie of good ſubiectes is expreſſed, and the greatneſſe of good minds is made manifeſt,

I haue preſented you with a little Booke, that makes not only report of the noble receiuing of the Queenes Maieſtie into Suffolke *and* Norffolke, *but alſo of the good order, great cheere, and charges that hir highneſſe ſubiectes were at, during hir abode in thoſe parties. And bycauſe I ſawe moſt of it, or heard it ſo credibly rehearſed, as I know it to be true, I meane to make it a mirror and ſhining glaſſe, that al the whole land may loke into, or vſe it for an example in all places (where the Prince commeth) to our poſteritie heereafter for euer. For in very deede, if the dutifull vſage of* Suffolke *and* Norffolke *had not ſurmoũted in greatneſſe & goodneſſe any fiue Sheeres in England, for hoſpitalitie, brauerie, and franke dealing, I had not made mention of theſe cauſes, nor writtẽ ſo large a diſcourſe of their behauioures, and bountifull manner of dutie: but finding theſe two Sheeres ſo well furniſhed of Gentlemẽ, and ſo flouriſhing,*

riſhing, and ready to attend in time of triumph, on hir that is oure triumph and earthly felicitie, I can do no leſſe, but with immortall fame, ſounde their prayſes, and vſe my penne to their greate glorye and thankes, as a guerdon due for their worthy & honeſt dezerts, hoping that euery other Sheere, where the Queenes highneſſe hath not bin, will rather ſtriue to follow this lanterne when occaſion is offered, than any way thinke me affectionate, or that I haue partially proceeded in this exerciſe of pen. And nowe righte Worſhipfull, if you muſe why I do enterlard this diſcourſe with ſome ſuche wordes or ſentences, as may ſeeme to degreſſe frō my purpoſed cauſe, I pray you conceyue, both for varietie, and the vertue of the matter, that my iudgemēt is carried by circumſtances, to treate at large thoſe things, that ſhortneſſe of ſpeeche will not ſuffer, and that my cunning can not aptly place euery thing in his order: but yet as I

may (vnder your correction) I will boldly hold on my matter which I haue penned, for those people that dwell farre off the Court, that they may see with what maiestie a Prince raigneth, and with what obedience and loue good Subiectes do receiue hir: not that I thinke, but al the Sheeres of Englād are most willing to do their duties to the vttermost of their powers: but that in deede the like of this entertaynemēt hath not bin seene: I haue presumed to sette out these things, and namely, bycause at Norwich *I was employed to sette forth some shewes, which heere I haue imprinted, as well those that hir Highnesse sawe not, by meanes of euill weather, as those she sawe and heard, and gaue gratious thankes for. And as I mind to wrighte what truely happeneth in my memorie, so meane I to touche a little, the manner and inclination of the common people, whose ciuill sorte and curtesie is greatly to be commended. Withall, I haue*

placed

placed at the end of this discourse, a feawe verses, in the honoring of good mindes, and trauelling bodyes, meaning thereby Sir Humfrey Gilbert, *Maister* Henry Knolles, *and others, right worthy and honest Gentlemen, presently passed towards a happy voyage as I hope. These paynes and purposes of myne, proceede onely on the good will I beare to al vertuous actions, and so I trust you will take them, and giuing my small Booke a little countenance (if it so stande with youre pleasure) I shall find my selfe greatly bound vnto you therefore, and among the rest that speaketh well (which are not a few) of your vprighte gouernemente of life, I will not bee the last shall yeeld you deserued laude, as knoweth God, who encrease his grace and good giftes in you, and make your end as honorable, as your dayes haue bin blessed.*

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To the Reader.

IF I ſhoulde not good Reader as vvell ſhevve thee ſome matter of delight, as publiſhe to the vvorld theſe penned diſcourſes, thy vvits vvould vvaxe a vveery of my friuolous vvordes, and I ſhould gaine but little frute by my labour and trauell: and greater delight can not be preſented, than heere to ſhevv thee the good diſpoſition of ſome people, bredde vp, and nouriſhed out of the bovvels of thine ovvne nation. And albeit it ſeemeth ſtrange, that people nurtured farre from Courte, ſhoulde vſe muche courteſie, yet vvill I prooue by the humbleneſſe of the common people, vvhere lately the Prince hath paſſed, that if in a manner all ciuilitie vvere vtterly decayed, it might haue bin found freſhly floriſhing in many of thoſe parties and places ſpecifyed before: for ſo ſoone as the preſence of the Prince vvas entred in their boundes, by a meere motion of homage and fealty, a generall conſent of duetie and obedicce vvas ſeene thorough the vvhole Countrey, and vvell vvere they that might firſt find occaſion by any meanes to vvelcome a Courtier,

and not with feyned ceremonies, but with friēdlye entertaynemente. And although it be a cuſtome, and moſt laudable manner for the poore commons to runne in flockes to ſee their Soueraigne, yet there, as me thought, their deſire was ſo greate, that they hadde neuer ynough of the ſight ſo long wiſhed and deſired: and ſuch reuerence and humilitie they vſed towardes all the trayne, whereſoeuer they encountred anye of them, that the inwarde affections of the people was playnely expreſſed by their outward apparance, and manifeſt curteſies: in ſo much, that the meaneſt perſons that followed the Court, ſtood maruellouſly contented with that they ſaw, and wondered at the rare & good maner of the people, eſpecially in Norwich, where the entertainemente was ſo greate, that all degrees, from the higheſt to the lowveſt, were had in ſuch admiration, that it ſeemed another worlde to beholde: which newe kinde of reuerence, and comely cuſtome of the Countrey (as it may be properly applyed) makes the old haughtineſſe, and ſtiffenecked behauiour of ſome places, to bluſhe, and become odious, yea in ſoyles, that the Prince generally keepeth hir reſidence, & moſt abode in, where proude people will paſſe by many of the Nobilitie, without mouing eyther cappe or knee, a ſtubborne ſtouteneſſe, and an vnmanner-

ly diſor-

ly disordered boldnesse, bredde vp and fostered on the long familiaritie had vvith the noble mens seruants, and dayly vievv of their maisters, vvith vvhiche sighte they are so cloyed and vveeryed, that theyr duetie is forgotten, and vtterly reiected, that ought to be ashamed of abuse, and shoulde vse more reuerente manners. If they vvould (to leaue off thys audacious fashion) but looke on dyuers Sheeres in this lande, as Lancasheere, Chesheere, Shropsheere, and other Sheeres farre from the Court, they might soone bee learned to clappe on more comelynesse, and vse lesse obstinacie. And if they thynke scorne to bee taughte at home of oure ovvne people, it vvere good they vvere Shipped into Fraunce or Flaundets, oure neere neyboures, vvhere the meaner sorte are not onely knovven by theyr garmentes and goyng, but perceyued by theyr gestures, and humbleneſſe of countenaunce and speeche. Novve gentle Reader, thynke no other of thys my discourse in the commendation of courtesie, but that I reioyce to see suche auntiente humilitie as yet holde vp and mainteyned in Englande, vvhen pride and vayneglory vvoulde ouerthrovve the good dispositions of the people, and breede both to GOD and Man a common contempte. And, as I haue rehearsed a peece of those

thinges I ſavve in Suffolke and Norffolke, to further thy delight tovvàrds the reading of my ſimple Booke, ſo looke for preſentlye at my handes the reſt of that Progreſſe vvhiche I am truely inſtructed of, or may come to my memorie. Thus committing to thy handes and head the boldneſſe of my enterpriſe, and vievv of thoſe Verſes and matter I heere haue ſette out.

I bid thee fare-
vvell.

¶ The entertaynemente of the Queenes Maieſtie into Suffolke, and Norffolke.

TO wright of the receiuing of hir highneſſe into Suffolke and Norffolke in euery poynte, as matter may moue me, woulde conteyne a great time, in making a iuſt rehearſall thereof: wherefore I will but briefely recite it, and committe the circumſtance and manner of the ſame, to your diſcretion and iudgement. The troth is, albeit they hadde but ſmall warning certaynely to build vpon, of the comming of the Quéenes Maieſtie into both thoſe Shéeres, the Gentlemen had made ſuche ready proviſion, that all the velvets and ſilkes were taken vp that might be layde hand on, and bought for any money, and ſone conuerted to ſuch garments and ſutes of roabes, that the ſhew thereof might haue beautifyed the greateſt triumph that was in Englande theſe many yeares: for (as I hearde) there were two hundred yong Gentlemen, cladde all in white velvet, and thrée hundred of the graver ſorte apparelled in blacke veluet coates, and faire chaynes, all ready at one inſtant and place, with fiftéene hundred ſeruing men more on horſebacke, well and brauely mounted in good order, ready to receyue the Quéenes highneſſe into Suffolke, which ſurely was a comely troupe, and a noble ſight to beholde: and all theſe waited on the Sheriffe Sir William Spring, during the Quéenes Maieſties abode in thoſe parties, and to the very confynes of Suffolke. But before hir highneſſe paſſed to Norffolke, there was

in Suffolke such sumptuous feasting and bankets, as seldome in any part of the world hath bin seene before. The maister of the Rolles, Sir William Cordall, was one of the firste that beganne this great feasting, and did lighte suche a Candle to the rest of the Shæere, that many were glad bountifully and franckly to followe the same example, with such charges and cost, as the whole trayne were in some sort pleased therewith. And neere Bury, Sir William Drury for his part at his house, made the Quænes highnesse a costly and delicat dinner, and Sir Robert Iermyne of Roeshbroke feasted the French Embassadoures two seuerall times, with whiche charges and courtesie they stood marueilously contented. The Sheriffe Sir William Spring, Sir Thomas Kidson, Sir Arthur Higham, & diuers other of worship, kept great houses, and sundry eyther at the Quænes comming, or returne, solemnely feasted hir Highnesse, yea and deffrayed the whole charges for a day or twayne, presented giftes, made suche triumphes and deuises, as in dæde was most noble to beholde, and very thankefully accepted. The Norffolke Gentlemen hearing how dutifullie their neybours had receyued the Prince, prepared in lyke sort to shewe themselues dutifull, and so in most gallantest maner, assembled and set forward with fiue and twenty hundred Horsemen, whereof as some affirme, were fire hundreth Gentlemen, so brauely attired, and mounted, as in dæde was worthy the noting, which goodly company wayted on theyr Sheriffe a long season: but in good soth (as I haue heard credibly spoken) the bankets and feastes began heere afresh, and all kind of triumphes that might be deuised, were put in practise and proofe. The Earle of Surrey did shewe most sumptuous chære, in whose Parke were speeches well sette out, & a speciall Deuice much cómended: and the rest, as a number of Gentlemen, whose names I haue not, were no whit behinde to the vttermost of their abilities, in all that might be done and deuised. But when the Quænes highnesse came to Norwich, the substance of the whole Triumph and feasting, was in a manner there new to beginne, for order was taken

there,

there, that euery day, for fiue dayes together, a Shew of some strange Deuice should be séene, and the Maior and Aldermē, appointed among themselues and their brethren, that no one person, reteyning to the Quéene, shoulde be vnkeaūed, or vnbidden to dinner and supper, during the space of those fiue dayes: which order was well and wisely obserued, and gayned their Citie more fame and credite, than they wot of: for that courtesie of theirs shall remayne in perpetuall memorie, whiles the walles of their Citie standeth. Besides the money they bestowed on diuers of the trayne, and those that toke paynes for them (albeit my selfe but slenderly considered) will be a witnesse of their well doyng and good will, whiles the report of these things may be called to remembrance. I can not nor ought not, considering their great charges (and discrete gouernemente in these causes) but gyue them due laude and reputation, as farre as my penne or reporte may doe them good, and stretche out their credite. For most assuredly, they haue taughte and learned all the Townes and Cities in Englande a lesson, howe to behaue themselues in such like seruices and actions.

Nowe to returne to the Shewes and purposed matter penned out by me (to shorten the season, and moue pastime to the Prince) I thoughte it conueniente to printe them in order, as they were inuented: for I was the fyrste that was called, and came to Norwiche aboute that businesse, and remayned there three long weékes before the Courte came thyther, deuising and studying the best I coulde for the Citie, albeit other Gentlemen, as Maister Goldingham, Maister Garter, and others, dyd steppe in after, and broughte to passe that alreadye is sette in Print in a Booke, where the Orations and spéeches of diuers are set out playnely and truly: and for that my meaning was orderly to procéede, I haue héere playnly drawē out my Deuice, not that I thinke it merits anye greate memorie, nor claymeth credite, but onely that myne honest intente may bée thereby expressed, and my friendes maye sée how glad I am to honor God, my Prince,

and

and my Countrey, trusting to set forth other workes as tyme will permitte, and that right shortly, that shall hold you longer tacke, and better pleaie you. In the meane while I pray you take in worth and good part my little paynes and greate good will, and reade (as your fauste fauoures) the Verses and Deuises that followe.

The Song on Saturday at hir Highnesse entrie, soong on the great Stage that was next the Market place, by the VVaytes and best voyces in the Citie.

THe deavv of heauen droppes this day
on dry and barren ground,
Wherefore let frutefull heartes I saye
at Drumme and Trumpet sound
Yeelde that is due, shevv that is meete,
to make our ioy the more,
In our good hope, and hir great prayse,
vve neuer savv before.

The Sunne doth shine vvhere shade hath bin,
long darkenesse brought vs day,
The Starre of comfort novv coms in,
and heere a vvhile vvill stay.
Ring out the belles, plucke vp your sprightes,
and dresse your houses gay,
Runne in for floures to stravv the streetes,
and make vvhat ioy you may.

The deaw of Heauen. &c.

Full

Full many a Winter haue vve ſeene,
and many ſtormes withall,
Since heere vve ſavv a King or Quæene
in pomp and Princely pall.
Wherefore make feaſt, and banket ſtill,
and novv to triumph fall,
With dutie let vs ſhevv good vvill,
to gladde both great and ſmall.
The deaw of Heauen. &c.

The Realme throughout vvill ring of this,
and ſundry Regions moe
Will ſay, full great our fortune is,
vvhen our good hap they knoe.
O Norvvich, heere the vvell ſpring runnes,
vvhoſe vertue ſtill doth floe,
And loe this day doth ſhine tvvo Sunnes
vvithin thy vvalles alſo.
The deaw of Heauen. &c.

This Song ended, hir highneſſe paſſed towardes hir lodging, and by the way in a Church-yarde, ouer againſt Maiſter Peckes doze (a worthy Alderman) was a Skaffold ſet vp and brauely trimmed. On this Skaffolde, was placed an excellent Boy, wel and gallantly decked, in a lóg white roabe of Taffata, a Crimſon Skarfe wrought with gold, folded on the Turkiſhe faſhion aboute his browes, and a gay Garlande of fine floures on his head, which Boy was not ſeene, till the Quæne had a good ſeaſon marked the Muſicke, whiche was maruellous ſwéete and good, albeit the rudeneſſe of ſome ringer of belles did ſomewhat hinder the noyſe and harmonie: and as ſone as the Muſike ended, the Boy ſtepped reuerently before the Quæne, and ſpake theſe words that followe.

The Qu. Maieſties entertaynement
The Boyes ſpeech at Maiſter Peckes dore.

GReat things were meant to welcome thee (ô Queene,)
If want of time had not cut off the ſame:
Great was our wiſh, but ſmall is that was ſeene,
For vs to ſhew, before ſo great a Dame.
Great hope we haue it pleaſd our Princes eye,
Great were the harmes that elſe our paynes ſhould reape:
Our grace or foyle, doth in your iudgement lie,
If you miſlike, our griefes do grow on heape:
If for ſmall things, we do great fauour find,
Great is the ioy, that *Norwich* feeles this day:
If well we waid the greatneſſe of your mind,
Few words would ſerue, we had but ſmall to ſay.
But knowing that your goodneſſe takes things well
That well are meant, we boldly did proceede:
And ſo good Queene, both welcome and farewell,
Thine owne we are, in heart, in word, and deede.

The Boy therevpon flang vp his Garlande, and the Queenes Highneſſe ſayd, This Deuice is fine.

Then the noyſe of Muſicke begann agayne, to heare the which, the Quæne ſtayed a good while, and after departed to the Cathedrall Churche, whiche was not farre from thence. And the nexte day after, which was Sunday, when Princes commonly come not abroade (and tyme is occupyed wyth Sermons, and laudable exercyſes) I was to watch a conuenient ſeaſon, where and how might be vttered the things that were prepared for paſtime. And ſo vpon Monday before ſupper, I made a Deuice, as though MERCVRIE had bin ſente from the Gods, to requeſt the Quæne to come abroade, and behold what was deuiſed for hir welcome, the whole matter whereof doth follow.

The

Mondayes Deuice.

The manner of Mercuries Coatche and meſſage to the Queene, requeſting hir Highneſſe to come abroade, and ſee what paſtyme the Gods had prouided for a noble Prince.

THe Coatch that MERCVRIE came in to the Quéene, was cloſely kept in ſecret a long ſeaſon, and when the time came it muſt paſſe towards the Court, it had a Trumpetter with it, and the Coatchman was made to driue ſo faſt, as the Horſes ſhould ſéeme to flye, which was ſo well obſerued, as the people wondered at the ſwiftneſſe thereof, and fol'owed it in ſuche flockes and multitudes, that ſcarce in a great gréene (where the Preaching place is) mighte be founde rome for any more people. And when the Coatch approched in the hearing of a Trumpet, the Trumpetter ſounded, and ſo came in to the gréene ſounding, vntill the Coatche was full placed before a window at the whyche the Quéene ſtode, and mighte be playnely ſéene, and openly viewed. When MERCVRIE hadde eſpyed hir highneſſe, he ſkipped out of the Coatche, and being on the grounde, gaue a nump or two, and aduanced himſelfe in ſuche a ſorte, that the Quéene ſmiled at ỹ boldneſſe of the Boy. Thus MERCVRIE beholding the Quéene with great courage and audacitie, at the length bowed downe his head, and immediately ſtode bolt vpright, and ſhaked his rodde, and ſo beganne his ſpéeche with a moſt aſſured countenance, and bráuely pronounced it in deede.

Mercuries ſpeech.

MVſe not good Queene at me that meſſage brings
From *Ioue*, or iuſt *Iehoua*, Lord of might,
No earthly God, yet gouernes mortall things,
And ſprites diuine, and ſhining Angels bright.
This Lord of late to ſhew his mightie power,
Hath wonders wrought, when world lookt leaſt therefore:
For at his becke, this day, and preſent houre,
The Heauens ſhakt, the thunder boltes did rore.
The earth did mooue, the dead therein did riſe,
And out of graue, the Ghoſtes of men are gone,
The wandring Sprites that houered in the Skyes
Dropt downe from ayre, for world to wonder on.
The Sainctes themſelues, that ſate in glory great,
VVere ſent in haſt, to worke *Iehouas* will,
And I that oft my reſtleſſe wings do beate,
VVas cald, to vſe my wings and office ſtill.
A common poſt is *Mercury* you know,
VVhen he commaunds that made the world of nought,
And flyes as faſt, as arrow out of bowe,
VVhen meſſage may expreſſe *Iehouas* thought.
VVhoſe power deuine full long ere this hath ſeene,
That in this place ſhould lodge a ſacred Queene.
And waying well, the Prince whereof I ſpeake,
Might weerie waxe of common paſtimes heere,
(For that he knowes hir iudgement is not weake,)
Deuiſd aboue, below there ſhould appeare
(To welcome hir) ſome ſights that rare ſhould ſeeme,
And careleſſe ſtoode, what world thereof did deeme:
So that good Queene, you take them well in worth.
No ſooner had *Iehoua* meant theſe things,
But Cloudes clapt hands, and ſoules of men came foorth
Of Heauen gates, yea goodly crowned Kings
VVere flowen abroade, from bleſſed *Abrams* breſt:
Some in the ayre, and toppes of trees did reſt,

Some

Some fell on Toures, and ſtately houſes high,
Some ſuncke in Seas, whoſe names were drouned now,
And ſome did light on land where euery eye
May them behold, and note their manners throw.
And therewithall, the blacke infernall ſpreetes
Ranne out of Hell, the earth ſo trembling than,
And like yong laddes they hopt about the ſtreetes.
The Satyres wilde, in forme and ſhape of man
Crept through the wooddes, and thickets full of breeres,
The water Nymphes, and Feyries ſtreight appeares
In vncouth formes, and faſhion ſtrange to view:
The hagges of Hell that hatefull are of kind,
To pleaſe the time, had learnd a nature new,
And all thoſe things that man can call to mind,
VVere gladde to come, and do their dutie throwe.
I ſeeing this, cald for my Coatch in haſt,
Abide ſir Boy, then ſayd *Iehoua* now,
Thou goeſt not yet, vntill a Prince be plaſt
VVhere I appoynt, thou haſt nothing to ſay.
Then ſtill I ſtoode, to know what ſhould be done.
VVith that, a ſwarme of people euery way
Like little Antes, about the fields gan runne,
Some to prouide for pomp and triumph great,
Some for good fare, yea houſehold cates and meate,
And ſome they ranne to ſeeke where Poets dwell,
To penne foorth ſhewes, and paint out trifles well.
Some halde and puld, to bring the carredge in,
Some ranne to gaze on triumph neere at hand,
And ſome ſtoode mute, as they amazde had bin
To ſee a Court, and Princely noble band
Come marching on, and make heere their abode:
But when I ſaw the carredge heere vnlode,
And well had wayd the wonders I haue tolde,
O mighty God (quoth I) now giue me leaue
To goe from thee, ſome meſſage to vnfold,
That by my ſpeech the hearers may conceiue
Thy Godhead great, hath brought this Princeſſe here.

It ſhall be ſo (quoth he) diſpatch and part,
And tell hir, that ſhe is to me ſo deere,
That I appoynt by mans deuice and arte,
That euery day ſhe ſhall ſee ſundrie ſhoes,
If that ſhe pleaſe to walke and take the ayre:
And that ſo ſoone as out of dore ſhe goes
(If time do ſerue, and weather waxeth fayre)
Some odde deuice ſhall meete hir highneſſe ſtreight,
To make hir ſmyle, and eaſe hir burthened breſt,
And take away the cares and things of weight
That Princes feele, that findeth greateſt reſt.
VVhen I had thus receyvd my charge at full,
My golden rodde in liuely hand I tooke,
And badde in haſt my flying Horſes pull.
But eare I paſt, I gan about me looke
To ſee that Coatch, and each thing gallant were:
So downe I came, all winged as you ſee.
And ſince I haue eſpyde that Princeſſe there,
That greateſt Kings do ſue to by degree,
And many mo that ſues no whit, do feare,
I kiſſe hir ſteppes, and ſhew my maiſters will,
And leaue with hir ſuch graces from aboue,
As alwayes ſhall commaund hir peoples loue,
(Vphold hir raigne, maynteyne hir regall ſtate,
Find out falſe harts, and make of ſubiectes true,
Plant perfite peace, and roote vp all debate)
So with this grace, good Queene now heere adue,
For I may now on earth no longer ſtey,
Than Seruants muſt to Maiſters will obey.

MERCVRIE

MERCVRIE hauing thus ſpoken to the Quéen (whoſe gratious inclination is ſuche, as will not haue anye thing ductifully offred to paſſe vnregarded) was well heard, hir Highneſſe ſtanding at a windowe, and (as I knowe,) the Speech very well taken and vnderſtode. MERCVRIE as he came, paſſed away, at whoſe Coatch the people (that had ſeldome ſéene ſuch a Deuice) marueiled, and gazed very much: for it had horſſes to drawe it finely paynted and winged, to as great ſhewe and order of that it preſented, as witte mighte imagine: the Coatchman ſutable to the ſame: and a Trumpeter in righte good garmentes, as decente for that purpoſe as coulde be deuiſed. But the Coatche was made and framed on ſuch a faſhion, as few men haue ſéene: the whole wherof was couered with Birdes, and naked Sprites hanging by the héeles in the aire and cloudes, cunningly painted out, as thoughe by ſome thunder cracke they had bene ſhaken & tormented, yet ſtayed by power deuine in their places, to make the more wōder and miraculous Shew. And on the middle of that Coatch ſtode a high compaſſed Tower, bedecked with golden and gay iewels, in the top whereof was placed a faire plume of whyte feathers, all to beſpangde and trimmed to the moſt brauerie: MERCVRIE himſelf in blew Satin lined with cloth of gold, his garmentes cutte and ſlaſhed on the fineſt manner, a peaked hatte of the ſame coloure, as though it ſhould cutte and ſeuer the winde aſunder, and on the ſame a payre of wings, and wings on his héeles lykewiſe. And on his golden rodde were little wings alſo, aboute the whiche rodde, were two wriggling or ſcrawling Serpentes, whiche ſéemed to haue life when the rodde was moued or ſhaken. So in this ſorte and forme was MERCVRIE and his Coatch ſet forthe, and in déede at ſuch a ſeaſon, as a great number loked not for any ſhew, nor things were ready, as ſome thoughte, to performe that was neceſſary and expected. Yet happe was ſo good, and the gracious fauour of the Prince, that all was well taken, and conſtrued to the beſt meaning of the Deuiſor. So ended that dayes Deuice, which offered occaſion to further matter.

Tueſdayes

Tuesdayes Deuice.

AT this season, although I was not well prouided of thinges necessarye for a Shewe (by meane of some crossing causes in the Citie) yet hearing the Quéne roade abroade, determined as I mighte (and yet by helpe of frendes and happe) very well to venter the hazzard of a Shewe, and to be full in the way where hir highnesse should passe towards hir dinner, in whiche determination many doubts were to be cast, and many men persuaded to tarrie a better time, but considering how time rolled on, and dayes and houres did wast (without doyng any thing promised, and not performed) I hastily prepared my Boyes and Men, with al their furnitures, and so sette forward with two Coatches, hansomely trimmed. The cómon people beholding the manner thereof, and grédie to gaze on that shoulde bée done, followed, as their fansies did leade them: so that when we came into the open field, there was as great a trayne and preace about the Shewe, as came with the Courte at that instant, which graced much the matter, and gaue it some expected hope of good successe: and for that yóu shall (and please you) imagine you se the thing, I haue héere set downe the whole manner of the Shew, and after that euery part as they were played, shall be héere expressed.

First, there is a fayned deuice, that VENVS and CVPID were thrust out of Heauen, and walking on the earth, mette a Philosopher, who demaunded from whence they came, they told the Philosopher what they were, and he replyed, and beganne with troth and taunts to tickle the so nére, that VENVS fell in a great anger, and CVPID ranne away, and lefte his mother and the Philosopher disputing togither, but CVPID bycause he would be nourished some where, ranne to the Courte, and there soughte for succoure, and encountring the Quéne, beganne to complayne hys state and his mothers, and tolde howe the Philosopher had handled them both: but

finding

finding neyther aunſwere nor ayde, returned agayne, but not to his mother, for ſhe was fallen madde (vpon a conceyt that ſhe was not made of) and CVPID wandering in the worlde, met with Dame Chaſtitie and hir maydes, called Modeſtie, Temperance, Good exerciſe, and Shamefaſtneſſe, and ſhe with hir foure maydes encountring CVPID in a gaudy Coatche, and without any honeſt gard waiting on him, ſette vpon him, threwe him out of his golden ſeate, trode on hys pompe, ſpoyled him of his counterfeyte Godhead and cloke, and toke away his bowe and his quiuer of arrowes, (the one headed with leade, and the other with golde) and ſo ſent him like a fugitiue away, and mounted vp into the Coatche hir ſelfe and hir maydes, and ſo came to the Queene, and rehearſed what had happened (although this was done in hir view) and becauſe (ſayd Chaſtitie) that the Queene had choſen the beſt life, ſhe gaue ỹ Queene CVPIDS bow, to learn to ſhoote at whome ſhe pleaſed, ſince none coulde wounde hir highneſſe hart, it was meete (ſaid Chaſtitie) that ſhe ſhould do with CVPIDS bow and arrowes what ſhe pleaſed: and ſo did Chaſtitie depart as ſhe ſaid to the powers deuine. CVPID in ỹ meane while wandering in the world, had found out Wantõneſſe and Ryot, who ſone fell in beggerie & ruyne (a ſpectacle to be looked into) and felt ſuch dayly miſerie with Wantõneſſe & Ryot, that CVPID was forced to fling away once agayne, and hazarde himſelfe to fall into the handes of naughty people, or where Fortune aſſigned, and comming abroade, happened vpon the Philoſopher, who talked with him agayne, and told hym his errours, and other poyntes of pryde and preſumption, declaring it was a greate blaſphemie and abuſe, to repute and beleeue that in Heauen were any other Gods but one, and he had the only rule of all, that made all of naughte. In whyche reaſoning and diſcourſes, CVPID wart warme, and yet in his greateſt heate knewe not howe nor where to cole himſelfe, at whiche time came Wantonneſſe and Ryot, and perſuaded CVPID to play no longer the fole (in ſtriuing with Philoſophers) and goe away with them, ſo CVPID

departed, and wente away with Wantonnesse and Riotte, and the Philosopher remayned, and declared that all abuses and follyes shoulde come to no better end, than presently was expressed by the miserie of Wantonnesse, Riotte, and CVPID. Then Modestie and hir fellowes, leauing their Mistresse Dame Chastity, with the powers Deuine, came fast and faire in their Mistresse Coatch, singing a Song of chast life, & whē the Song was ended, Modestie sent, as she said she was, from hir Mistresse, spake to the Queene a good season, and so the matter ended, for the whiche Shew, I had gracious words of the Queene openly and often pronounced by hir Highnesse. Now: before you reade the partes, you must throughly note what my discourse thereof hathe bin, and carrying that care and good will with you, the matter shall seeme to haue the better life, and I shall thinke my labour & studie well bestowed.

Cupid comming, as he reportes, out of Heauen (from vvhence his Mother and he is banished) encountres the Queene, and speaketh as followeth, he riding in a Coatch: and you must presuppose, that before his comming to the Queene, he and hys Mother had mette with the Philosopher.

The Shew of Chastitie.

Alas poore boy, where shalt thou wander now,
I am thrust out of Heauen in despight,
My Mother too beginnes to bend the brow,
For both we walke, as we were banisht quite.
She mournes and weepes, and blubbers like a child,
By which great griefe, in rage now may she fall,
And I haue leaue to walke the wood so wild,
To houle, to crye, and sore complayne withall.
For loe of late, where she and I did goe,
A man we met, a father graue and wise,

VVho

VVho told vs both (if you the troth will know)
VVe were the drosse, the scumme of earth and Skyes:
Fond paltry Gods, the sincke of sinne and shame,
A leavvd delight, a flying fansie light,
A shadow fond, that beares no shape, but name.
The whole abuse of each good witte or wight,
An ydle ground, whereon vayne Poets walke,
A cause of eare, a spring where follie sloes
A wicked meane, to nourish wanton talke,
And to conclude, sharp nettles vnder Rose
VVe were: thus sayd the Father that we met.
My Mother blusht, these thundering words to heare,
And from them both, away in hast I get,
To see if I in Court find better cheere,
But if no friend, nor fauoure I may finde,
Nor aunswere haue of that which heere I speake,
Farewell, I seeke my fortune in the wind,
For *Cupid* hath in head a finer freake.
If Heauens high disdeyne to giue me place
In earth below, I meane to hide my face.

Chastitie suddainely in the view of the Queene, settes vpon Cupid, and spoyles hym of his Coatch, Bowe and all, and sets him afoote, and so rides in his Coatche to the Queene, and speakes as followeth. *Musicke the mean tyme.*

Chastitie speaketh.

TO striue with boyes that standes on bragges and braues
I thought great scorne, till *Cupid* I espyde,
But that proude ladde, that makes so many slaues,
Must needes find one, to daunt his Peacocks pride.
Dame *Chastitie* is she that winnes the field,
VVhose breast is armd with thoughtes of vertues rare,
VVho to the fight doth bring no glittering shield,
But cleane conceytes, which pure and blessed are,

That ſtrikes downe luſt, and tames the wilfull mind,
Maynteynes the iuſt, and holds vp learning both;
And wiſedome great, through me the Sages find,
Philoſophers, the louers of the troth.
Yea Kings and Queenes by me worke wonders ſtill,
Do conquere Realmes, and VViſedome do attayne.
The ſtudious minds, whoſe knowledge, witte, and skill,
And all the world doth fame and glory gayne
That chaſtly liues, it talkes with God aboue,
It climbes the Cloudes from pomp and pleaſures vayne.
It is a thing that ſhining Angels loue,
And in the world to come ſhall liue and raigne.
It triumph makes of fickle fond deſire,
It breedes great force and courage full in men,
It quencheth ſparkes and flames of fancies fire,
It quickes the wittes, and helpes the art of penne,
Yea all good giftes from Chaſtitie doth riſe
That worthy are of honor vnder Skyes.
Then ſith (ô Queene) chaſt life is thus thy choyce,
And that thy heart is free from bondage yoke,
Thou ſhalt (good Queene) by my conſent and voyce,
Haue halfe the ſpoyle, take eyther bowe or cloke.
The bowe (I thinke) more fitte for ſuch a one
In fleſhly forme, that beares a heart of ſtone
That none can wound, nor pearce by any meane.
VVherefore take heere the bow, and learne to ſhoote
At whome thou wilt, thy heart it is ſo cleane,
Blind *Cupids* boltes therein can take no roote.
Now will I ſay in this poore Coatch of mine,
To mount the Skyes, and ſee the Gods deuine.

CVPID commes running aſwte like a vagabond towards the Queene, from Wantonneſſe and Riot where he was ſuccoured, and meetes againe in open ſhew the Philoſopher, whoſe habitation was in a Rocke, and the Philoſopher demaundes of CVPID where he hathe bin, and what is the cauſe he commes abroade in ſuch diſorder,

The

The Philoſopher ſpeaketh.

HOw now my friend, where haſt thou bin? in other plight I trow
Thou waſt, when lately I thee met, hath *Cupid* loſt his bow?
His cloke? his Coatch? his witte and all? and fled from mothers face?
Or elſe hath *Cupid* gone to Schole, to learne ſome prettie Grace?
To play the God, fye fooliſh boy, leaue of theſe toyes in time,
Thy Mother (as the Poets fayne,) when beautie was in prime
A ſtrumpet was, it may be ſo, as well appeareth yet,
Thou art not of the race of Gods, thou art ſome Beggers chitte.

Cupid.

Nay doting foole, that ſtill doſt pore on Bookes,
Though Coatch be gone, and golden cloke be loſt,
Yet like a God, I tell thee *Cupid* lookes,
VVhen old grey beard ſhewes like a rotten poſt.
It yll becommes an aged man to rayle
On women thus, that are not now in place,
But ſure thy words are ſpent to ſmall auayle,
They can not blot my mother, nor my race.

Philoſopher.

But doſt thou thinke thou art a God? then ſhew ſome proofe thereof.

Cupid.

That can I do, but you old men, with boyes will ieſt and ſcoffe,
And either laugh to ſcorne our words, or taunt vs paſt the nick.

Philoſopher.

Beleeue not that, but when in deede we enter neere the quicke,
Ye wincke like Coltes, and fling away from witte and feeling ſeene,
VVel *Cupid*, prooue thou art a God, and ſhew ſome good defence,
To this thy talke, I will giue eare, and ſilence keepe a whyle,
Vntill thy words haue gone ſo farre, thy folly makes me ſmyle.

Cupid.

The greateſt Clarkes that earſt haue bin, three thouſand yeres agoe,
VVhen they on *Venus* talke or treate, takes *Cupids* part ye knowe.
Their bokes, their ſcrolles, their páphlets large, makes mētiō of my name,
You nede no further ſearch for proof, to try out *Cupids* fame.

Philoſopher.

Boaſt not of bookes, for bookes they be, that plainely witnes beares
How *Cupids* arte infects good minds, and canckers honeſt eares.
And though fond men in Fables ſhew on you a flouriſh fine,
Such geegawes grees not with good rules, nor holds on gifts deuine.

Cupid.

VVhy Sir, you will beleeue, that *Ioue* and many more
Of other Gods in Heauen are, where I haue bin before?

Philoſopher.

In Heauen? there you trippe, why boy how came you thence?
You went abroade to take the ayre, and haue bin walking ſence
Like dawes along the coaſt, O boy, thy proofe is bare,
In Heauen is but one that rules, no other Gods there are.

Cupid.

And doth not *Ioue* and *Mars* beare ſway? tuſh that is true.

Philoſopher.

Then put in Tom and Tibbe, and all beares ſway as much as you.

Cupid.

I told you Sir before, your taunting tong would bite.

Philoſopher.

I come too neere the ſore, and pleaſe not your delighe.
But ſince you fume for naught, and can not heare the truth,

I will

I will not ſhame my hoarie heares, to ſtriue with wanton youth.
This *Cupid*, *Venus* ſonne, as men ſuppoſe to bee,
Is neyther God nor Man in forme, nor monſter as you ſee,
But ſuch a kind of ſhade, as can no ſubſtance ſhoe,
Begot by brayneleſſe blind delight, and nurſt with natures foe.
Fed vp with faithleſſe foode, and trayned in triflinge toyes,
Awakt with vice, and luld aſleepe agayne with yrkeſome ioyes.

Wantonneſſe and Riotte commes in, and talkes with CVPID, and ſo takes him away.

Wantonneſſe.

ARt thou ſo fond to talke with doting age,
This Man did bring thy mother in a rage,
And told hir playne, a Goddeſſe faynd ſhe was,
Moſt leavvd of life, and brittle as the glaſſe,
I *Wantonneſſe* knowe well that tale is true,
To this my friend now *Riotte* what ſay you?

Riotte.

I could ſay much, but I will hold my peace,
Foule is that bird that his owne neaſt defiles.
If *Riot* ſhould not ſpeake, that *Venus* knowes ſo well,
(VVith whom ſince *Cupid* bare a name, did wantō *Venus* dwel)
Much pitie were it ſure, that Riot life ſhould beare,
For I am father of delight and pleaſure euery where.
VVithout the help of whome, Dame *Venus* can not liue,
For vnto Luſt and Riot both, doth *Venus* honor giue.
And Luſt is Riots ioy, a ſpright that pleades for place
In euery ſoyle, ſince world began to boaſt of *Adams* race.
And now to tell you playne, from me, or from my ſtocke,
(An endleſſe ſwarme of ydle folke, a merrie careleſſe flocke)
As prating Poets fayne, at firſt did *Venus* ſpring,
But *Venus* was no ſtrumpet ſure; ſhe was ſome finer thing
That alwayes furthers Loue, in French a *Mactea*, playne,
A beater of good barghynes oft, and roote of fancyes vayne.

Though

Though Goddesse were she not, yet faire and fine was she,
As I haue heard good Clarkes report, and you in Bookes shal see
Of hir great Storyes made, and great accompt thys day
VVe make of *Venus* darlings still, wherefore in briefe to say,
Both I and thousands more, with *Venus* needes must hold.
Twas she, to whome King *Priams* sonne did giue the apple of golde
That cost so many liues: but reade the seege of *Troy*,
And you shall see what prettie pranckes the mother and this boy
Hath playd in many parres, my knowledge is but small,
I tell by heeresay many things, but am not learnd at all
Good *Wantonnesse* thou knowst, but passe ore that awhile
I could tell tales of *Venus* yet, would make the hearers smile.

Wantonnesse.

O speake no more, come comfort *Cupid* now,
Let *Venus* go, that sate and saw with eye
The order great, and all the manner how
Dame *Chastitie* did mount to Starrie Skye
VVith such a Coatch, and such a noble spoyle,
As seldome hath in Heauen oft bin seene.
She sayd, when she had *Cupid* put to foyle,
She gaue his bowe and shaftes vnto a Queene.
And *Cupid* streight came running vnto me.
I saw him bare, and sent him bare away,
And as we are in deede but bare all three,
So must we part as poorely as we may.
No reasoning heere with him that learned is,
Philosophers knowes more than wanton fooles,
If we had once bin beaten well eare this
And lovd our Bookes, and truely plyde our Scholes,
VVe had bin learnd, yea livd, and felt no lacke,
VVhere now our wealth is all vpon our backe.

Riotte.

BY sweete Sainct Iohn we are in goodly weedes,
To daunce with belles a Morrice through the Streets.

If any heere, three ydle people needes,
Call vs in time, for we are fine for sheetes:
Yea, for a shift, to steale them from the hedge,
And lay both sheetes, and linnen all to gage.
VVe are best be gone, least some do heare alledge
VVe are but Roages, and clappe vs in the Cage.
Come *Cupid* come, if thou wilt heare a song,
Dame *Chastitie* hath sent hir Coatch along,
To comfort those, that dayly liues in wo.

Cupid.

NAy *Cupid* will, go hang himselfe I trow:
Much better were, to fall on poynt of knife,
Than from rich state, to leade a beggers life.

Cupid, VVantonnesse, and Riot, departs, and the Coatch softly commes on, vvith such Musicke as is deuised, and sings not, vntill the Coatch be before the Queene, in the meane while the Philosopher speaketh.

Philosopher.

NOw world may iudge what fables are, & what vain gods ther be,
VVhat names and titles fondlings giue, to thē, likewise you see,
And that one God alone doth rule, the rest no vertue showe,
Vayne *Venus* and blind *Cupid* both, and all the ragment rowe
And rabble of Gods, are fayned things, to make the season short,
As wisedome knowes that wel cā wey, the worth & weight of sport.
Through trifles light, sad things are sene, through vice is vertue foūd,
By hollow wayes, and crooked pathes, appeares the playnest ground.
Thus leauing vnto wisedomes reach, the things that heere are done,
And fearing foyle, if heere vve should, in further folly runne,
VVe stay, saue that, some Musicke commes, to knitte in order due,
The substance of thys fillie Shew, that we present to you.

Modeſtie, Temperance, Good exerciſe and Shamefaſtneſſe, the vvayting Maydes of Chaſtitie returne, come in and Sing: and after that Modeſtie ſpeaketh.

The Song.

CHaſt life liues long and lookes
on vvorld and vvvicked vvayes,
Chaſt life for loſſe of pleaſures ſhort,
doth vvinne immortall prayſe.
Chaſt life hath merrie moodes,
and ſoundly taketh reſt,
Chaſt life is pure as babe nevv borne,
that lugges in mothers breſt.

Leavvd life cuttes off his dayes,
and ſoone runnes out his date,
Cõfoũds good vvits, breeds naughty bloud,
and vveakens mans eſtate.
Leavvd life the Lord doth loath,
the lavve and land miſlikes,
The vviſe vvill ſhunne, fonde fooles do ſeek,
and God ſore plagues and ſtrikes.

Chaſt life may dvvell alone,
and find fevv fellovves novv,
And ſitte and rule in regall throne,
and ſerch levvd manners throvv.

Chaſt

Chaſt life feares no miſhappe,
the vvhole account is made,
VVhen ſoule from vvorldly cares is crepte,
and ſittes in ſacred ſhade.

Leude life is laughte to ſcorne,
and put to great diſgrace,
In hollovv caues it hides the head,
and vvalkes vvith muffled face,
Found out and poynted at,
a monſter of the mind,
A canckred vvorme, that conſcience eates,
and ſtrikes cleere ſenſes blind.

Chaſt life a pretious pearle,
doth ſhine as bright as Sunne,
The fayre houre glaſſe of dayes and yeares,
that neuer out vvill runne.
The beautie of the ſoule,
the bodyes bliſſe and eaſe,
A thing that leaſt is lookt vnto,
yet moſt the mind ſhall pleaſe.

Modestie speaketh.

DAme Chastitie we serue, and wayte vpon hir still,
Saue now, that she is cald to Cloudes, to know *Iehouas* will.
She bad vs walke abroade, and searche, where might be seene
In stately troupe, and royall Court, a worthy noble Queene.
Salute hir in my name, and looke in secret sort
(Quoth she) you do with al your force, maynteyne hir princely
Good exercise as chiefe, thy humble dutie doo, (port.
Let Shamefastnesse, and Modestie, and sober Temprance too,
Attend as handmaydes still, vpon that sacred dame.
VVe hearing what our mistresse sayd, & marking wel the same,
Did hast vs hither streight, but ere we went at large,
Iehoua sent vs Graces great, and gaue vs powre and charge,
(VVhen pomp is most in place) to creepe in princely hart,
And gide the mind, & throughly serch, the soule & euery part.
That still the feare of God, be burning in hir brest,
Ther is the only house O Quene, wher we four maids wil rest,
There we will seruice shew, there shall our vertues budde,
Ther is the plot, the seate, the soyle, and place to do most good.
Yea vnder richest roabes, we haue a powre to goe,
In fairest weedes are cleanest thoughts, & purest minds I know.
The carlish Countrey cloyne, yea clad in smeared cloke,
VVith cáckred hart, & currish lokes, sits grinning in the smoke.
The comely cleane attire, doth carrie mind aloft,
Makes má think scorne to stoupe to vice, & loke to Vertue oft.
The Sunne that shineth bright, hath vertues manifold,
A gallant floure hath pleasant smell, great goodnesse is in gold.
So gay and glittring Dame, thy graces are not small,
Thy heauenly gifts in greatest prease, in deede surmoũts thẽ all.

VVensday

Wenſday.

THe Wenſday hir highneſſe dyned at my Lord of Surreys, where were the Frenche Embaſſadours alſo, and a moſte rare and delicate Dinner and Banquette. At whiche ſeaſon I dyd watch with a Shewe (called MANHODE and DEZARTE,) at my Lorde of Surreys backe doore, going to the Quænes Barge: but the rowme was ſo little, that neyther the Shotte, the Armed men, nor the Players, could haue place conueniente: Wherevpon we toke Boats, and conueyed our people downe the water, towards a landing place that we hoped the Quæne woulde come vnto. And there hauing all things in a readineſſe, houered on the water thræ long houres, by which meane the nighte came on, and ſo we were faine to withdrawe oure ſelues and goe homewarde, truſting for a better time and occaſion, which in dæde was offred the nexte day after by the Quænes Maieſties owne good motion, who tolde me ſhe woulde ſee what paſtimes were prepared, as hereafter you ſhall perceyue by the diſcourſe of theſe matters that I meane to make, and by this Shewe of MANHODE, and the Shewe of the NYMPHES, which I minde fully and truely to treate of.

Thurſeday.

The Thurſeday in the morning, my Lorde Chamberlaine gaue me warning ỳ Quæenes highneſſe woulde ride abroade in the after noone, and he commaunded me to be ready, dutifully to preſente hir with ſome Shewe. Then knowing whiche way the Quæne woulde ride (by coniecture and inſtructions giuen) I cauſed a place to be made and digged for the Nymphes of the water, the manner and proportion whereof, was in this forme and faſhion. Firſte, there was meaſure taken for threeſcore foote of grounde euery way, the hole to be made deepe and foure ſquare, whiche ground was couered with a Canuas paynted græne like the graſſe, and at euery ſide on the Canuas, ranne a ſtring through Curtayne rings, whiche ſtring might eaſily be drawen any kinde of way, by reaſon of two great poales that lay along in the grounde, and aunſwered the Curtayne or Canuas on eache ſide ſo, that drawing a ſmall corde in the middle of the Canuas, the earth woulde ſeeme to open, and ſo ſhut againe, as ỳ other end of the cord was drawē backward. And in the ſame caue was a noble noyſe of Muſicke of al kind of inſtruments, ſeuerally to be ſounded and played vpon, and at one time they ſhoulde be ſounded all togither, that mighte ſerue for a conſorte of broken Muſicke. And in the ſame caue likewiſe was placed twelue water Nimphes, deſguiſed or dreſſed moſt ſtrangely, eache of them had eyther vpon white Silke, or fine linnen, græne ſegges, ſtitched cunningly on a long garment, ſo well wrought, and ſet on, as ſcarce any whit might be perceiued. And euery Nimph had in hir hand a great bundell of bulruſhes, and had on hir head a Garland of Iuie. vnder the whiche Iuie was a Coyfe of Moſſe, and vnder the Moſſe was there long goodly heare like golden treſſes that couered hir ſhoulders, and in a manner, raughte downe vnto hir middle. And touching the beautie of the Nimphes, they ſeemed to be the choſen children of a world, and became their

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attire so wel, that their beauty might haue abused a right good iudgement, for diuers of those that knew them before, (albeit they were bare faced) coulde scarce knowe them in their garments, and sundry toke them to be yong girles and wenches, prepared for the nonce, to procure a laughter. These Nimphs thus apparelled, and all things in very good plight and readynesse, there was deuised, that at the Quéenes comming neere the water side (as this caue stode at the brimme of the Riuer) one Nimph shoulde poppe vp out of the caue first, and salute the Quéene with a spéech, and then another, and so till four of them had finished their spéeches, there they shoulde remayne, and when they retired into their caue, the Musicke should beginne, which sure had bin a noble hearing, and the more melodious, for the varietie thereof, and bycause it should come secretely and strangely out of the earth. And when the Musicke was done, then should all the twelue Nymphes haue issued togither, and daunced a daunce with Timbrels that were trimmed with belles, and other iangling things, which Timbrels were as brode as a Séeue, hauing bottoms of fine parchment, and being sounded, made suche a confused noyse, and pastime, that it was to be wondered at, besides the strangenesse of the Timbrels (yet knowen to oure forefathers) was a matter of admiration to such as were ignorante of that newfounde toy, gathered and borowed from our elders. So in order and readinesse stode that Shew for the time. And to kéep that Shewe cõpany (but yet far off) stod the Shew of Manhode & Dezart, as first to be presented, and that Shew was as well furnished as the other, Men all, sauing one Boy, called Beautie, for the which Manhode, Fauour, and Dezarte, did striue (or shoulde haue contended) but good Fortune (as victor of all conquestes) was to come in, and ouerthrowe Manhode, Fauour, Dezarte, and all their powers, and onely by fine force (vppon a watchword spoken) should lay hande on Beautie, and carrie or leade hir away. The other suters troubled with this kinde of dealing, should talke togither, and sweare to be in one minde, for an open reuẽge, & vpon that Fortune should crye arme, arme.

The

The other side called for their friendes, at which tyme should appeare both their strengthes: but good Fortune should farre in power exceede his enimies: And yet to shew that Destenie, (and who best can conquer) shal gouerne all, Fortune should make an offer, that sir to sir with swoorde and targette shoulde ende the brawle and businesse: then sixe Gentlamen on either side with rebated swoords and targets (only in dublet and hose, and Morion on head) approched, and woulde clayme the combat, and deale togither twelue blowes a peece, and in the ende Fortune should be victor: and then the Shot, and Armed men shoulde fall at variaunce so sharpely (vppon mystaking of the matter) that Fortunes side should triumph and march ouer the bellies of their enimies: in which time was legges and armes of men (well and liuely wrought) to be let fall in numbers on the grounde, as bloudy as mighte be. Fortune regarding nothing but victorie, marcheth so away in greate triumph, and then shoulde haue come into the place a dolefull song for the death of Manhood, Fauour, and Dezartes, and so the Shewe should haue ended. But now note what befell after this great businesse and preparation, for as the Quenes highnesse was appoynted to come to hir Coatch, and the Lords and Courtiers were readie to mount on Horseback, there fell suche a shoure of rayne (and in the necke thereof came such a terrible thunder) that euery one of vs were driuen to seeke for couerte and most comfort, in so muche, that although some of vs in Boate stode vnder a Bridge, we were all so dashed and washed, ỳ it was a greater pastime to see vs loke like drowned Rattes, than to haue beheld the vttermost of the Shewes rehearsed. Thus you see, a Shew in the open fielde is alwayes subiect to the suddayne change of weather, and a number of more inconueniences than I expresse. But what shoulde I say of that whiche the Citie lost by this cause, Veluets, Silkes, Tinsels, and some cloth of golde, being cutte out for these purposes, and could not serue to any great effect after. Well, there was no more to say, but an old Adage, ỳ Man doth purpose, and God dothe dispose, to whose disposition and pleasure I

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committe the guide of greater matters. So this Thursdaye toke his leaue from vs, and left vs loking one vpon another, and he that thought he had receyued moste iniurie, kept greatest silence, and lapping vp, among a bundle of other myssortunes this euil chaunce, euery person quietly passed to his lodging. The nexte day was the Quéene to departe the towne, and I fearing that all my labour shoulde be losse, deuised to conuert the Nimphes of the water, to the Fairies on the land, as hereafter shall appeare. In the meanewhile I haue sette downe the foure spéeches that foure Nimphes shoulde haue spoken at the Waterside, where the Quéene was loked for: And withal, I haue written the order and parts of the Shew of MANHODE and DEZARTES, that no one thing that was well meante, should slépe in silence. And first and formest you must conceiue, that the Shew of MANHODE was inuented to be playde in a Garden, or whereseuer had bene found a conueniente place, the Prince then being in presence. And vnto hir Highnesse shoulde there haue come a Lady called Beautie, humbly on knées, requiring ayde and succoure, or else iudgemente, in a matter disputable, and in greate controuersie, vpon whose sute and humble intercession, the disputation was to begynne in order as followeth, in manner of a Dialoge, the parts whereof are hére for you to reade at your leysure, and after the same, as the Shewe of the Nymphes shoulde haue bin, shall their parts followe in lyke sort.

Firste, Lady Beauty speaketh, and she attyred in very goodly garmentes as becommeth such a Dame.

MOst royall Prince, speede on thy comely pace,
Make hast in time, to do thy subiects good,
Go runne with me, to stay this heauie cace,
Take paynes good Queene, to gayne the giltlesse bloud.
In one mans life, saue liues of many moe,
Saue him in whome, the state of others stayes,
For I poore wretch, God knowes am minded so,
VVith him to liue, with him to end my dayes.
VVho now in force, of Tyrants hands doth lye,
And vaynely striues, to scape his helplesse fate,
VVho seeth his death, and dolefull date so nigh,
Go hast to help, and yet perhaps too late.

Manhode.

YEt were I best, to kill this peeuish Boy,
VVhome now she makes, hir chiefe and sole delight,
In whome she finds, such pleasure and such ioy,
That causelesse I, am cleane defaced quite.
Such gaudyes gay, are in his Peacocks face,
And skinne smootht vp, with shew of ydle hue,
That I do lodge, and languish in disgrace,
Though she of me, hath proofe of promise true.
VVell, make thy choyce, and see what likes thee best,
View heere the death, of this thy darling now,
Or yeeld thy loue, to fancie my request,
VVhose manly force, shall winne the conquest throw.

Beautie.

NAught shalt thou winne, by that which I shall lose,
Thou getst no gaynes, though I be thus bereft,
And though that I, betweene two mischiefes goes,
VVhere naught but bale, and wretched woe is left,

Yet thy reward, which doeſt aſſault my friend,
(In whoſe delight, my heart was fedde long whyle)
Shall be diſdeyne, and hatered in the ende,
A guerdon fitte, for ſuch a Tyrant vile.

Manhode.

THis wretch is he, by whome I am annoyde,
He hath thy heart, though I deſerue the ſame,
If wiſely then, I do my harmes auoyde,
VVhy ſtey I ſword, I can not purchaſe blame,
By cutting off, the cauſe of my diſtreſſe,
VVhen he is gone, my lette ſhall be the leſſe.

Beautie.

HOw canſt thou ſay, thou doeſt dezerue my heart,
VVhich kilſt my heart, and cauſeſt all my woe,

Manhode.

SInce that thou takeſt, my dealing in ſuch part,
I will delight, to wreake my wrath on foe.
In greeuing thee, moſt glad to heare me grone,
And art moſt pleaſd, when Manhode makes his moane.

Beautie.

OGracious Prince, to thee my mone I make,
And proſtrate fall, O Prince before thy foote,
VVith wonted grace, on me ſome pitie take,
O ſalue my ſore, let ſorrow find ſome boote.
I ſwelt in ſighes, and ſure ſhall dye to ſee
My friend diſpatcht, and murthred in this wiſe,
O bid the wretch, come thruſt his ſword in me,
For from my loue, the cauſe of griefe doth riſe.
I made the fault, then puniſh me therefore,
Shall ſilly Lamb, be ledde to ſlaughter thus?
Do eyther help, with death my endleſſe ſore,
Or with remorſe, and ruth the caſe diſcuſſe,
If he do dye, by Mightie *Ioue* I ſweare
I will not liue, if ſword or knife be found,

VVith scratched face, with rent and torne heare,
I know at first, my corpse will fall in sound,
And then adue, my sprite shall steale away,
O Queene, in hast, now bidde the Tyrant stay.

Manhoode.

SInce thou, O Prince, forbidst reuenge to take,
And wilst that men, should lose their time in loue,
Then marke my case, and giue me leaue to make
Myne owne defence, and so alleadge and proue,
And I will shewe my right and title good,
And that I do, deserue the thing I craue.
Though this fond wretch, alwayes my sute withstoode,
As one who long, in furies fittes doth raue,
VVhome leavvd delight, hath ledde out of the way,
(VVhich good Aduise, and ordred Iudgement keepe)
VVhome Beauties blast hath bounst against the bay,
VVhere craggy rockes, and sands lye hidde in deepe,
A fond deuice to trust to painted face,
And fasten fayth vpon so fickle stay,
To whome Dame *Hebe*, lends often guisefull grace,
VVhich euery yeare and day doth plucke away,
VVhome sickenesse spoyles, and many sorowes moe,
VVhome time doth eate, and age at length deuoures,
VVhome cares of mind do shake and alter so,
As VVinter winds defaceth Sommer flowres.
A snare for witte, a bayte for wanton youth,
A false conceyte, an error of the mind,
A fond delight, wherein there is no truth,
A poysoned dish, that doth the reason blind.
A colour cast on things that are but bace,
A glorious shew, to shrowde a homely part,
A rule to runne, a leavvd and retchlesse race,
A deepe deceyte, which daunteth oft the heart.
In rage of youth, these pricking thistles growes,
VVhiles Riot raygnes, and Folly beares the sway

In hoarie age, Deuice and Counsell showes,
VVhere borrowed hew, and blossome fades away.
The weaker sexe, in beautie doth excell,
The infant hath, the sleeke, and smoothest face,
The hurtfull weede, which yeeldes a lothsome smell,
To view of eye, doth vaunt a glorious grace.
In outward showes, in deede the trust is small,
They are but clokes, and vizards of deceight,
The vertuous mind, and manlike sprite is all,
VVhich gaynes renowme, and mounteth to the height.
Dame *Venus* loues, the fierce and warlike Knight,
Though once alas, she loud him to hir payne.
And Ladyes which, do loue and iudge aright,
Loue such as can, their cause with force maynteyne.
VVhat could thys Boy, do for his mistresse sake?
VVhome could this face, subdue in open field?
Iudge thou, O Queene, which of vs two could make
The better shift, and force the worst to yeeld.

Good fauoure.

YEt let me pleade, my cause before my Queene
As thou hast done, and sentence after craue,
Then shall the truth, of our two sures be seene,
I craue no spoyle, but wish the thing I haue.
VVhy should my beautie, purchase my disgrace?
VVhy should my prayse, become mine vtter shame?
VVhy should Dame Natures giftes be thought so base,
VVhich heeretofore haue bin in greater name?
VVho euer could, enforce the Gods with might,
To yeeld themselues, as conquerd with his strength?
Yet Beautie hath, subdude them with his sight,
And made them bend, and bow to him at length.
VVhome force subdues, with sadde vnwilling heart,
Submittes themselues, and greeue at euery stroke:
VVho Beautie winnes, and gaynes vnto his part,
They gladly graunt, to take the pleasant yoke.

Thy ſtrength thou mayſt, full many a VVinter hide,
Till time doth ſerue, to ſhew the ſame in place,
Sweete Beautie can, no moment be vnſpide,
But doth delight, each one with gladſome grace.
Dame Natures ſhew, and Ritches Beautie is,
A Heauenly gift, to rauiſh euery eye,
A perfite Pearle, wherein is naught but bliſſe,
Delight of men, delight of Gods on high.
Apollo pleaſd, himſelfe with Golden heare,
Hebe delightes, the Gods with comely hue,
God *Venus* oft, hir tender breſt did teare,
VVhen ſhe *Adonis* death was fayne to rue.
Phœbus did mourne, when his delight was ſlayne,
VVith great miſhappe, and error of his hand,
But Gannimed, aboue with *Ioue* doth reigne.
And wayting on, his Nectars cuppe doth ſtand.
VVhat ſhould I ſpeake, of him who at the brooke,
The wanton Nimphes, in loue ſuppriſd away,
Or him whome *Phœb*, in to hir Charriot tooke,
Or him, whoſe beautie dimd the morning grey,
The Gods in beautie, paſſe each mortall wight,
And men ſurmount, in forme the fayreſt beaſt,
And yet of them, ſome are more braue in ſight,
VVhoſe natures are, more fined than the reſt.
The vgly Tode, ſwels out his poyſon cold,
A crabbed corpſe, commes of a churliſh kind,
No ragged mold, the vertue rare can hold,
A ſeemely face, declares a modeſt mind.
The fayreſt Horſe, will ſwifteſt runne his race,
The gallantſt Hound, will ſooneſt wind his game,
VVhat neede I more, to treate vpon this cace,
The hearers ſhall, be iudgers of the ſame,
If Beauties giftes, and fauoure you exile,
Then Manhode muſt, be heere preferd the while.

Dezart.

Dezart.

STay iudgement Prince, and let my cace be know
VVhose friendly toyle, deserues to reape his gayn
Mine earnest sute, may not be thus orethrowen,
So long employd, in hope and endlesse payne.
I see these men, prease boldly heere in place,
Vnfolds great words, and long debates the cace:
And braues it our, with goodly gallant Shewes,
VVhich I will not, eclips nor blot at all,
My clayme is good, and that iust God he knowes,
VVhat neede I then, my right in question call.
I haue no force, nor skill in marshiall field,
I boast not of my fresh and flouring hue,
Nor yet neede not, in any poynt to yeeld,
That can alleadge, Dezarts and seruice true.
My trauell then, and truth may not be lost,
Nor my good will, be recompenst with wrong,
Nor he that hath, with tempestes sore bin tost,
And tasted griefes, and bitter torments long,
May not so soone, be shaken off for nought,
I take fine tearmes, to shew my secret thought:
The Gods accepts, our dutie in good part,
The Prince rewards, the billes of our request,
The greatest men, consider but the heart,
The friendly meanes, can tame the wildest beast.
And VVomen who, in softest mouldes be cast,
VVhose tender heartes, rues on our carefull cryes,
Must needes be wonne, with louing meanes at last,
To ease our playntes, and wipe our watered eyes.
True loue of right, must recompenced be,
Dezart must needes, flye farre beyond the rest,
Then graunt O Prince, this pretious prise to me,
VVhose loyall loue, claymes place above the best.

Good

Good fortune.

MVch words are ſpent, where ſpeech ſhall not preuayle,
Long time is loſt, in threats and fond diſpute,
Though I good Happe, haue borne but ſimple ſayle,
And went aloofe, tis I muſt end thys ſute,
And reaſon bring, as victor of the field,
Vnto whoſe troth, your weake diſcourſe ſhall yeeld.

Faire Beautie heere, for whome you fondlings ſtriue,
May moue, I graunt, a God to like hir well,
But though ſhe were, the fayreſt thing aliue,
(As ſure indeede, hir beautie doth excell)
Is that a proofe, that you in loue muſt fall,
VVith that which nought pertaynes to you at all?

Admitte hir mind, by meane of ſome conſayte,
VVith ſweete delight, of fancie may be ledde,
Your eagre eyes, moſt greedie of ſuch bayte,
In forward hope, a ſeaſon hath bin fedde.
Shall ſhe be ſpoyld, for fauoure ſhe beſtowes
In friendly ſort, and not in faithfull wiſe?
Nay ſure, ſhe ſhall, ne fame nor freedome loſe,
For fraylties faultes, or vſe of gracious eyes.
But to the poynt, and purpoſe of your ſtriſe,
One pleades good will, by ſhape and fauoure got,
(A gallant Boy, to pleaſe a pleaſant wife)
Another tels a penned tale by rote,
Bedeckt and fylde with ynckhorne tearmes ynow.
The third commes in, and calles himſelfe Dezart,
And each of them are ſeene in Storyes throw,
And finely ſeekes to conquere Loue by arte.
Great ſleight is vſd, and Clarkly cunning both,
To force a right, and iudgement in this eace,
Dezart, he telles a trimme diſcourſe of troth,
The tender twigge makes boaſt of ſhining face.

And Courage he, by Manhood claymeth all,
Great poynts they are, that pleaded are this day,
And vnto whome, the Lady now ſhould fall,
Some doubts may riſe, if reaſon bore the ſway.
But to be briefe, fayre Shape and comely port,
The wiſe men hold, but outward bloſſoms vayne,
And Manhoods force, may heere be knitte vp ſhort,
Stoute hearts may not, alone the glorie gayne:
Nor yet Dezart, that neereſt goes the gole,
May winne the priſe, and thruſt his better backe,
For he it is, that hath the greateſt dole,
That doth in deede, no peece of Fortune lacke.
Good Fortune ſtill, a Lord of worldly chance
Is only iudge, himſelfe, of all is done,
Bid Strength ſtand backe, good Fortune leades the Dance,
Fine ſhape likewiſe, with Fortune dare not runne.
Dezart is dead, where Fortune men aduance.
So heere I prooue, ſince I good Fortune haue,
This Dame is mine, hir deſtnie willes it ſo,
In Mothers wombe, the Gods this gift me gaue,
She ordeynd was, with me away to goe.
Each worldly grace, and rule with Fortune flyes,
A wife muſt needes, then ſtoupe to deſtnyes lot.
VVherefore I heere, poſſeſſe thys noble prize,
As Iewell rich, by happe and Fortune got.
VVho ſtriues to take, hir now from me by force,
Shall haue withall, my breath and vitall corſe.

Then talke the other three priuilie togither, and Manhoode ſpeakes to Good Fortune as followes.

Manhode.

ME thinkes moſt fond, and weakely commes hee heere
Alone to three, if we togither ſtoode:
And though in deede, we buy the quarrell deere,
And pay therefore, the ſweeteſt of our bloud,

Yet let vs ſhew, the noble hearts of men,
For ſince he ſayth, we all our labour loſe,
Not one of vs, ſhall neede to ſorow then,
Nor care a figge, how ere the matter goes.

Dezart.

AGreed; though I Dezart haue double wrong,
I will reuenge the ſame by dint of ſword,
And you ſhall ſee, I will not dallie long
To do my beſt, ſith I haue ſpoke the word.
Deſpayred men, dare fight with Fortune ſtill,
And ſcratch for life, as long as breath will laſt,
VVhen hope is gone, I know no better skill,
But bide the brunt, till all the broyle be paſt.
Let loue and life, togither make an ende,
The heart ſhall feele, and hand ſhall head defend.

Good fauoure.

THough I ſpeake laſt, that firſt found ſpeciall grace,
In formoſt fight, looke you for tender yeares,
And iudge him not, a Milkeſoppe by his face,
That ſtoutely like a Man at neede appeares.
Great skorne I thinke, good Fortune ſhould haue all,
And reape the right, that laboure long hath ſowen,
Yea, Fauoure hath perhappes more friends at call,
Than you would thinke, or to the world is knowen.

Heere follow the Speeches of the vvater Nymphes, vvhich ſhould haue bin ſhewed vpon the Thurſeday, had not euill weather hindered the ſame.

The

The firſt Nymphes Speech.

WE VVater Nimphs haue time to ſport, & skip in euery place,
VVhé days are lõg, & nights be ſhort, & *Phœbus* hides his face.
And hearing that there came a Queene, along this water ſide,
So long as we poore ſilly Nimphes, on land dare well abide,
VVe daunce, we hop, and bounſe it vp, in honor of hir name,
To whome *Diana* and hir trayne, doth giue immortall fame.

The ſeconde.

VVE ſhun the Sunne, yet loue the Mone, & hate the open light,
VVe hide our heads amid the Reedes, in bluſtring ſtormy night.
In calmeſt weather do we play, yet ſeldome ſeene we are,
VVe watch our times, and flee from thoſe, that ſtil doe on vs ſtare.
VVe harme no wight, yet fearefull be, to thoſe that haue no ſpreete,
VVe are ſome hold of VVomés ſexe, and gladde with mé to meete.

The thirde.

THe *Phayries* are another kind, of elfes that daunce in darke,
Yet can light Candles in the night, and vaniſh like a ſparke,
And make a noyſe and rumbling great, among the diſhes oft,
And wake the ſleepie ſluggiſh Maydes, that lyes in Kitchen loft.
And when in field, they treade the graſſe, from water we repayre,
And hoppe and skippe, with thé ſometime, as weather waxeth fayre.

The fourth and laſt that called them into their caue.

VVHat rule is this, what tales tel you, what bable do you make?
VVill you tel ſecrets out of Schole? beware, if bugges awake
You will be ſhent, come hye you hence, can yee abide the viewe,
The gaze, and ſtaring ſuch a whyle, of all this noble crue?
Though that we came to honor hir, that Gods on high haue bleſt,
It is a ſhame for water Nimphes, on earth ſo long to reſt.

Then ſuddaynely shou'de they all haue departed into the ground, where was an heauenly noyſe of all kinde of Muſicke prepared, and nothing ſéene at all, when the paynted Canuas had bin drawen ouer their heads, as the deſcription thereof doth declare.

Fridayes Deuice.

ON the Friday, the Court vpon remoue, the Citie troubled with many cauſes, and ſome ſeeking to do ſeruice like my ſelfe, moued me to doe ſomewhat of my ſelfe, becauſe myne aydes (as many times they were before) were drawne frō me, each one about his owne buſineſſe, and I lefte to mine owne inuentions and policie, at whiche exigente, or caſuall things of Fortune, I drewe my Boyes vnto me, that were the Nymphes on the water, and ſo departed the Citie, with ſuch garments and ſtuffe neceſſarie as fitted my purpoſe and the matter I went about. Then choſe I a ground, by the which the Queene muſt paſſe, enclo-ſing my company in the corner of a field, being defenced with high and thicke buſhes, and there ſome parts I made, whych the Boyes mighte miſſe, becauſe the time was ſhort for the learning of thoſe parts. But I being reſolued to do ſomewhat might make the Queene laugh, appointed that ſeauen Boyes of twelue, ſhould paſſe through a hedge from the place of oure abode (which was gallantly trimmed) and deliuer ſeauen ſpee-ches, whiche followe in the nert leafe. And theſe Boyes (you muſt vnderſtand) were dreſſed like Nimphes of the water, and were to play by a deuice and degrees the Phayries, and to daunce (as neere as could be ymagined) like the Phayries. Their attire, and comming ſo ſtrangely out, I know made the Queenes highneſſe ſmyle and laugh withall. And I bea-ring this good hope, being apparelled like a water Spryte, beganne to ſounde a Timbrell, and the reſt with me, all the twelue Nymphes togither (when the ſeauen had repayred in) ſounded Timbrels likewiſe. And although I had no greate harting, yet as I durſt, I ledde the yong fooliſhe Phayries a daunce, which boldneſſe of mine bredde no diſgrace, and as I heard ſaid, was well taken. The Queene vpō our retiring in,

haſted

hafted to hir Highneſſe lodging, whiche was ſeauen Myles off, and at that preſent, when the Shewe ended, it was paſt fiue of the clocke.

Thus haue you truly heard the reporte of mine owne workes and inuentions, with the which did no any one deale but my ſelfe. And as I haue made a recitall of matters done in Norwich, ſo meane I a little to treate of the Quéenes returne from thence, in as ſhort and briefe order as I may, and the briefer, bycauſe I haue not all the Gentlemens names, in whoſe houſes the Quéene lay, and who beſtowed ſome entertaynemente on the trayne, but thoſe, in whoſe houſes I was (and where I ſaw or heard any thing worthy memorie) I mind to ſpeake of, and touch, praying you that ſhall reade the ſame, to pardon me, where I omitte any matter or men that merits commendation, for it is not wante of good will that ſhall make me forget any good entertaynementes beſtowed on the Courte, but it is wante of knowledge that ſhall cauſe me ſo ſleightly runne ouer the cauſes, and make a briefe report thereof, as knoweth God, who graunt and ſende oure Quéene often to ſuche pleaſant Progreſſes, and increaſe good people and louing ſubiects to ſhew the like dutie and order, as hathe bene orderly ſéene in thys ſeaſon, and tyme of triumph.

The Queene of Phayries Speech.

THough cleane against the *Phayries* kind, we come in open viewe,
(And that the Queene of *Phayries* heere, presents hirselfe to you)
Some secret cause procures the same: the Gods at first, ye know,
In field to honour thee good Queene, did make a gallant shew:
Should we that are but sprites of thaire, refuse to do the same?
No sure, for Gods and mortall men, shall serue thee noble Dame.

The seconde.

VVHen *Mercury* came first in Coatch, a message to vnfolde,
(And Maske of Gods amid the night, in chaber secrets told)
VVe warned were to shape our selues, to do what *Ioue* assigned,
But water Nymphes stept in the while, and so expreste their mynd,
And thrust poore *Phayries* out of place, yet we: for feare of foyle,
VVatcht here our time, & for our sports, did chose this certain soyle.

The thirde.

YEa out of hedge we crept in deede, where close in caues we lay,
And knowing by the bruite of fame, a Quene must passe this way,
To make hir laugh, we clapt on cotes, of Segges and Bulrush both,
That she shuld know, & world should say, lo there the *Phayries* goth,
Like Furies madde, and Satyres wild: yet loe, we haue in store
Fine Timbrels, that the Auntients vse, to make the shew the more.

The fourth.

WHē saints & soules, & sprites of mē, frō Heauē downe did fling,
(And *Iehoua* spake, and Cloudes did shake, & many a crowned
Crept out of graue, to honor thee, we ready were to wait, (King.
But Hagges of Hell, & damned Feends, that feedes on false desayt
Did blush to see thy presence Queene, but we that harmelesse were,
Kept loue in store, to shew at length our dutie voyde of feare.

The

The fifth.

BVt when that *Cupid* was condemnd, and *Venus* fell in rage,
And VVantonneſſe & Riot rude, for knackes were clapt in cage,
And all the ragment rowe of Gods, to one great God gaue place,
VVe ſillie *Phayries* were afeard, therewith to ſhew our face.
Yet when we ſaw a Maske well likt, and Gods condemnd appeere,
VVe did conſult, at laſt farewell, the *Phayries* ſhould be heere.

The ſixth.

BVt with Orations good and great, to wall the weake was thruſt,
Yet whē the ſtrongeſt did their beſt, of force yet ſpeake we muſt.
For *Ioue* that all commands, and doth, bade vs to watch the howre,
And ſhew no more at this adue, than was in *Phayries* powre.
So keeping courſe of *Ioues* commaund, we ſpeake that is in breſt,
And leaue the Queene and all the trayne, with wit to iudge the reſt.

The ſeauenth.

WIth Gods, yea kings & Quenes, begā your entrie to this place,
VVith gētle Goſts & merrie ſprites, we mind to end the cace.
So in good ſigne of happie chance, to thee O ſacred Queene,
To knit vp all, we meane to daunce with Timbrels on this greene.
And then farewell, we can no more, ſalute thee in oure giſe,
All that is done, by great good will, is offered to the wiſe.

Then came the Phayries out with Timbrels, and daunced a whyle, and ſo departed, and therewithall the Queene went on hir way to hir highneſſe lodging.

Hir

Hir Highneſſe returne from Norwich.

NOwe to come to the returne of the Quæenes Maieſtie from Norwich, I thinke it as neceſſarie to be tolde, as the reſt of matter penned before, nót chiefely for the chéere and entertaynemente ſounde returning, but for other cauſes méete to be rehearſed. But to be tedious in that behalfe, and dwell longer on the diſcourſes of the entertaynement than is requiſite, I ſhould but wéerie youſwith the reading therof. So to auoyde the doubts of miſliking, and daunger of thys fyne world, and ſifting ſenſes, I will playnely fall to the troth of thinges that I meane to haue vnderſtood. And ſo as I haue héeretofore ſayd, the Quéene paſſing from Norwich, came to Maiſter Woodhouſes that night, where ſhe was well receyued, and nobly entertayned. From thence to Wodde riſing, the chéere and entertaymente there I ſawe not, wherefore I giue it no greate commendation. From thence to Thetforde at Sir Edward Cleeres. The trayne haue tolde me (that was there) how they were worthily feaſted. From thence to Sir Thomas Kidſons, where in very déede, the fare and banquets did ſo exceéde a number of other places, that it is worthy the mẽtion. A Shew repreſenting the Phayries (as well as might be) was there ſéene, in the whiche Shew, a rich Iewell was preſented to the Quæenes Highneſſe. From thence to Maiſter Reeuets, where all things were well, and in very good order, and meate liberally ſpent.

But nowe to ſpeake a little by the way of Gods mightie hande and power, that framed mens harts ſo well in manye partes, before the Quéenes Highneſſe came to Cambridge Shéere, and to tell how bleſſedly our great and good God did deale with our déere Soueraigne Lady, in cauſing euery perſon to ſhew their dutie, is a matter of great diſcourſe, and of no little weight and comfort to all good minds that ſhall conſider

neſſe of the ſame, ſuche a Lorde is oure greate God, that can frame all things to the beſt, and ſuche a Soueraigne Ladye we haue, that can make the crooked pathes ſtreighte where ſhe commeth, and drawe the hearts of the people after hyr whereſoeuer ſhe trauels. I had almoſt paſſed the bounder of my diſcourſe, by a deſire of doing wel, but remembring where I lefte, I beginne agayne, and followe my firſt intention, to ſhew the returne of the Quéene from Norffolke and Suffolke. So from Mayſter Reuets, hir Highneſſe came to my Lorde Northes, who was no whit behind any of the beſt for a franke houſe, a noble heart, and well ordered entertaynement, and there was an Oration made by a Gentleman of Cambridge, and a ſtately and fayre cuppe preſented from the Uniuerſitie, all the Embaſſadors of France beholding the ſame, and the Gentlemen of the Shire (as in many other places) did beare the Quéenes meate to the table, whiche was a great liking, and gladneſſe to the Gentlemen, and a ſolemne ſighte for Strangers and Subiectes to loke vppon. From my Lorde Northes, to Sir Gyles Allingtons, and there thinges were well, and well liked. From thence, to Sir Iohn Cuttes, but what chéere there was founde, I knowe not, for I was not there. From thence to Mayſter Kapels, where was excellente good chéere, and entertaynement. From thence to Hide Hall, where I hearde of no greate chéere nor banketting. From thence to Rockwood Hall, but howe the trayne was there entertayned, I am ignorant of. From thence to Mayſter Stonars, and from thence to my L. of Leyceſters houſe, where the Progras ended, and to knit vp all, the good chere was reuiued, not only with making a great feaſt to ẏ Quéene, & the Frēch Embaſſador, but alſo in feaſting ſolemnely (at ſeuerall times) ẏ whole Gard, on Sunday & Munday before ẏ Quéene came, at his owne table, vſing ſuch courteſie vnto thē for the ſpace of two dayes, as was & is worthy of perpetuall memorie. Thus bold I haue bin a little, to ſpeake of ẏ Quéenes Highneſſe returne, who God hath ſo well preſerued, that ſhe like a worthy Prince to our great comfort, proſpers in peace, to ẏ great diſgrace of the enimies of God, and aduerſaries of our common Weale and Countrey. FINIS ẏ *Tho. Churchyard.*

Hir Highneſſe returne from Norwich.

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nesse of the same, suche a Lorde is oure greate God, that can frame all things to the best, and suche a Soueraygne Ladye we haue, that can make the crooked pathes streighte where she commeth, and drawe the hearts of the people after hyr wheresoeuer she trauels. I had almost passed the bounder of my discourse, by a desire of doing wel, but remembring where I lefte, I beginne agayne, and followe my first intention, to shew the returne of the Quéene from Norffolke and Suffolke. So from Mayster Reuets, hir Highnesse came to my Lorde Northes, who was no whit behind any of the best for a franke house, a noble heart, and well ordered entertaynement, and there was an Oration made by a Gentleman of Cambridge, and a stately and fayre cuppe presented from the Uniuersitie, all the Embassadors of France beholding the same, and the Gentlemen of the Shire (as in many other places) did beare the Quéenes meate to the table, whiche was a great liking, and gladnesse to the Gentlemen, and a solemne sighte for Strangers and Subiectes to loke vppon. From my Lorde Northes, to Sir Gyles Allingtons, and there thinges were well, and well liked. From thence, to Sir Iohn Cuttes, but what chére there was founde, I knowe not, for I was not there. From thence to Mayster Kapels, where was excellente good chére, and entertaynement. From thence to Hide Hall, where I heard of no greate chére nor banketting. From thence to Rockwood Hall, but howe the trayne was there entertayned, I am ignorant of. From thence to Mayster Stonars, and from thence to my L. of Leycesters house, where the Progras ended, and to knit vp all, the good chere was reuiued, not only with making a great feast to ẏ Quéene, & the Frēch Embassador, but also in feasting solemnely (at seuerall times) ẏ whole Gard, on Sunday & Munday before ẏ Quéene came, at his owne table, vsing such courtesie vnto thē for the space of two dayes, as was & is worthy of perpetuall memorie. Thus bold I haue bin a little, to speake of ẏ Quéenes Highnesse retunne, who God hath so well preserued, that she like a worthy Prince to our great comfort, prospers in peace, to ẏ great disgrace of the enimies of God, and aduersaries of our common Weale and Countrey.

FINIS ẏ *Tho. Churchyard.*

GOod Reader, I had almoſt forgotten the names of the Gentlemenne that the Quéene made Knyghtes in Suffolke and Norffolke, whiche ouerſight had bin a blotte and blemiſhe to my Booke, bycauſe hir Highneſſe aduanced thē to the more Worſhip, for that they ſhould all their life time after, haue the greater regard to God, and to their Prince.

Their names follow.

Mayſter Colt.
Mayſter Parkar.
Mayſter Iermine.
Mayſter Spring.
Mayſter Kydſon.
Mayſter Heygham.
Mayſter Kneuet.
Mayſter Bacon.
Mayſter Paſtons.
Mayſter Grear.
Mayſter Shelton.
Mayſter Henry Woodhouſe.
Mayſter Gaudye.
Mayſter Woodde Maior of Norwich.
Mayſter Roger Woodhouſe.

¶ A matter touching the Iourney of Sir *Humfrey* Gilbarte Knight.

THe man that trauels much,
with mind and body both,
(Whoſe reſtleſſe lims, & labring thou-
through heaps of hazards goth,) (ghtes,
A vvhile vvould gladly reſt,
and ſo ſome ſollace taſte,
To ſharp the ſenſe, and eaſe the heart,
that toyle doth vveare and vvaſte.
But though vvith charged breſt,
I ſeeke to ſteale a nappe,
In hope ſounde ſleepes vvould ſoone forget,
the griefe of thankeleſſe happe:
Some cauſe calls vp my Muſe,
and bids my vvitts avvake,
That dovvne is layde on quiet Coutch,
a little eaſe to take:
As lately loe you heard,
by Verſes penned vvell,
Which ſoundes ſo ſhrilly through my eares,
and tings ſo like a Bell,
That though in ſadde dead ſleepe,
my vvery body vvere,

I muſt riſe vp and vvhet my vvittes,
and lend a louing eare
To that nevv tale I heere,
of friends that hence do go
Vnto a ſoyle they neuer ſavv,
another vvorld I trovv
That fevv or none haue found,
vvell, vvhat ſhould more be ſayd,
The Iourney that my friends do take,
full long in head I vvayd,
Yet thought to pauſe avvhile,
(eare pen to paper paſt)
To ſee hovv courſe of vvorld vvold go,
and things fell out at laſt.
And thus in my delay
I caught a ſlumber ſvveete,
And ſure me thought in fearful dreme,
or ſvveauon did I meete
The Golden Heart, and other Ships,
that to this voyage goes,
Which Barks vver brauely vnder ſaile,
vvhere vvater ebbes and floes.
And vvhere the vievv of Coũtrey ſoile,
vvas farre from Saylers ſight,
And men vvere forſt to trie the Seas
in ſtorme or darkeſt night,
But eare my dreame could ende,
a voyce gan call alovvde,

VVhere

When is Churchyard: doth he sleepe?
or is he crept in Clowde,
To shunne the vse of penne
and matter worthy note?
Whereat I started out of bedde,
and streight wey vp I gote,
And to my Studie dore
in hast therewith I went,
As one that fain would write some thing
that might the World content.
Then brought I vnto mind,
the heauie Dreame I had,
Yet eare I wrote one English verse,
I cald my little ladde,
And bad him runne with speede
abroade, and bring some newes,
And learne the troth of euery thing,
that I might shape my Muse
To please the peoples eares
with frute of Poets penne.
My Lackey had not walkt in Pawles
not twentie pasis then,
But heard that sundrie friends
of mine, had taken leaue
At Courte, and were all Shipte away.
this brute may thee deceyue
Thou foolish Boy (quoth I)
nay Sir by sweete Sainct Iohn

(Quoth he) Sir Humfrey Gilbart ſure,
and all his troupe is gone.
But vvhether, no man knovves,
ſaue they that are in Barke,
Who vvith one mind, and one conſent,
do hope to hitte one marke.
A ha Sir boy (quoth I)
I knevv this long agoe,
Shut ſtudy dore, packe hence a vvhile,
and muſing euen ſo,
I marueld hovve this Knight,
could leaue his Lady heere,
His friends, and prettie tender babes,
that he did hold ſo deere,
And take him to the Seas,
vvhere dayly dangers are.
Then vvayd I hovv, immortall Fame,
vvas more than vvorldly care,
And vvhere great mind remaynes,
the bodyes reſt is ſmall,
For Countreys vvealth, for priuate gayne,
or glory ſeeke vve all.
And ſuch as markes this vvorld,
and notes the courſe of things,
The vveake and tickle ſtay of ſtates,
and great affayres of Kings,
Deſires to be abroade,
for cauſes more than one,

Content

Content to liue as God appoyntes,
and let the vvorld alone.
Yea ſuch as deepely looke,
into theſe vvorldly toyes,
And freedome of the body ſtill,
and noble mind enioyes,
Are glad to trudge and toyle,
and driue off time avvhile,
And at our ydle pleaſures laughs,
or at our follies ſmyle:
That vvill not take ſome paynes,
and trye both land and Seas,
For Knovvledge ſeeke, and heape of happe,
to do our Countrey eaſe.
O Gilbart noble Knight,
God ſend thee thy deſire,
O manly Knolles, and vvorthy Wight,
vvhoſe heart doth ſtill aſpire,
I vviſh thee great renovvme,
and noble Carie too,
And noble North, vvith Wigmore vviſe,
I vviſh you vvell to do.
O Ravvley ripe of ſprite,
and rare right many vvayes,
And liuely Novvell, God you guide,
to purchaſe endleſſe prayſe.
Goe comely Cotten too,
and march amidde the rancke,

And

And honeſt Dennie vvith the beſt,
muſt needes deſerue ſome thanke.
George Carie forth I call,
and ſure Iohn Roberts heere,
A ſpeciall ſparke vvith preſent vvitte,
in perſon ſhall appeare.
Miles Morgan gaynes good Fame,
and VVhetſtone ſteps in place,
And ſeekes by trauell, and by toyle,
to vvinne him double grace.
Iohn Vdall is not hidde,
nor Rovvles I do forgette,
The reſt I vovv to publiſh out,
and ſo dvvell in their dette.
But though that Frances Knolles
commes laſt vnto my mind,
Among the firſt that ſhall do vvell,
he vvill not be behind.
O faithfull friends farevvell,
I namd you all aroe,
For VVorld to vievv, vvhiles vvorld doth laſt,
vvhat courage you do ſhoe.
VVhat charges you are at,
vvhat venter you haue made,
And hovv you ſeeke to traffike there,
vvhere neuer yet vvas trade.
And moſt of you ſuch men,
as liuings haue at home,

So

So great and good, that ſure abrode
yee neede not for to rome:
Faire houſes, lands, and vvifes,
great friends, and of the beſt,
Good ſtayes and pillers, vvherevpon
the ſtrongeſt heere may reſt:
VVell knovvne, and honord both,
in credite euery vvay,
In perfite plighte and ſtate to liue,
and laugh, though vvorld ſay nay.
This ſtrange adievv of youres,
doth argue noble harts,
And in your breſtes are noble giftes
and many noble parts.
For hauing vvealth at vvill,
and vvorld at becke and call,
Propt vp vvith Princes fauoure ſtill,
ſo ſure ye could not fall:
And yet to leaue that hope,
to ſeeke vncertayne happe,
And ſo committe your goods & liues,
to euery ſtormy clappe
That ſuddayne tempeſt brings:
me thinke the venture great,
The value of your valiant minds,
ſurmountes the fire in heate.
Whereof ſuch hote deſires
of doing good, doth riſe,

The kindled coales and flames thereof
do sparckle through the Skyes.
Some people happly thinke
a greedie hope of gayne,
And heapes of gold you hope to find,
doth mahe you take this payne.
Oh sure that can not be,
conceyue the case vvho list,
For hauing that vvhich thousands vvãt,
alreadie in your fist.
You meane to clime for Fame
as high as eye may looke,
And search the Creekes and priuie Portes,
and euery secret nooke,
As farre as Shippe may sayle:
I trust for Countreys good:
And for the common vvealthes auayle,
you offer life and bloud.
Let vvorld novv speake the vvorst,
and babble vvhat they please,
What thing could make you take these toyles,
and so forsake your ease.
If God moud not your minds,
to things he liekth vvell,
And that your good and deepe consaytes,
vvherein you long did dvvell,
Did leade and hall you hence,
as men prepard and vvrought,

To shevv vvhat vvitte and skill men haue,
and serue the makers thought,
That all thing cleerely sees:
tis God and your good mind,
That driues you to this high attempt,
for any thing I find.
And as he sent you out,
so can he bring you in,
Yea safely home, that you shall shevv
at large vvhere you haue bin,
And novv to tell it plaine,
not one of all your troupe,
(Of gentle rǎce) that neere at home,
did hold dovvne head or droupe,
But brauely bore it out.
vvhich shevves, no neede it vvas,
That did procure those gallants gay,
from hence in hast to passe.
Thus sure some other thing
than gayne, did cause you goe,
Some noble fire that burnes in brest,
vvhose flames of force must shoe
Good meaning and good mind,
good frute and grayne vvithall,
When season serues, and harueit commes,
and hope for hire doth call.
You might haue vvalkt the streetes,
as other gallants do,

Yea kept the Court and Countrey both,
in Pavvles haue ietted too,
If mind had not bin dravvne,
to things of greater vveight,
And had not harts held vp your heads
another kind of heigth,
Perhaps in ydle dayes,
you vvould set men a vvorke,
And call them to accompt in hast,
that close in corners lurke:
And aske in open place,
hovv they vvould spend their time,
And if they say they had no mind
the loftie Cloudes to clime,
Yet vvould you vvish they should
see vvhat on earth is found,
And search the proofe, and sayle by arte,
about the vvorld so round.
At home to tarrie still,
but breedes grosse bloud and vvitte,
Then better vvith the Favvcon flie,
than heere on dunghill sitte,
And see hovv Crovves do feede,
on tainted carren bate,
Or liue a leavvd and vvretched life,
vpon a hungry share.
At home much time is lost,
and neuer found againe,

Much

Much houſehold cares, and common griefes,
do breake both ſleepe and brayne.
Abroade men vvinne great vvealth,
or knovvledge gayne at leaſt,
At home vve runne to vvanton ſportes,
and ſmell out euery feaſt.
Abroade ſmall bankets are,
it vvill not quit the coſt,
At home is naught but making loue
to euery paynted poſt.
Abroade the fleſh is tamde,
and brought in feare and frame,
At home oft times pride goes before,
and after commeth ſhame.
Abroade vve Wiſedome learne,
and do from follie flee,
At home ſome daunce ſo in a nette,
their ſelues they can not ſee.
Abroade vvhere ſeruice is,
much honor may be vvonne,
At home our gay vayneglory goes,
like ſhadovv in the Sunne.
Abroade bare robes are beſt,
and Manhoode makes the ſhovve,
At home yong Maiſter muſt be fine,
or all is loſt you knovv.
Abroade fevv quarrels are,
a bravvle is bought ſo deere,

At home they cogge, they foyst, they royst,
and reuell all the yeare.
Abroade is courteys speech,
and ciuill order still,
At home vvhere rudenesse keepes no rule,
vvilde vvantons take their vvill.
Abroade may health be got,
for laboure lengthens life,
At home the Goute, the Cramp, the cold,
and each disease is rife,
Abroade the sightes are strange,
and vvonders may be seene,
At home a stale and balde deuice,
but duls the spreetes I vveene.
Abroade vve learne to spare,
to serue our turne in thend,
At home men set the cocke on hoope,
and vaynely spoyle and spend.
Abroade fevv theeues you haue,
they find so little grace,
At home foule shiftes and robbries both,
abounde in euery place.
Thus prooue I trauels best,
for body, soule, and sense,
And ease a nurse to pamper vice,
and buckler of defense.
Where vertue can not strike,
nor enter any vvay,

The buckler hath such wicked barres
dame Vertues force to stay.
With rest leavvd lust doth rise,
and soone subdues the mind.
And toyle beares backe fond Venus toyes,
and strikes vaine fancie blind.
Much rest runnes Riot still,
and breedeth treasons oft,
And toyle pluckes downe those haughtie heares
that lokes to mount aloft.
Rest maketh mischiefe ripe,
and settes bad things abroch,
Toyle teacheth men to conquer Fame,
and flee from foule reproch.
Rest loues to dallie much,
like vvhelp that vvaues the tayle,
Toyle is for Vertue quicke as Bee,
for Vice as slovv as Snayle.
Rest sovves no blessed seede,
yet reapes a curssed grayne,
Toyle vveedes the ground, and planteth floures
vvhere nettles did remayne.
Rest vvill no dutie knovv,
but shakes off shackels still,
Toyle makes the body apte to stoupe,
to bend and shevv good vvill.
Rest is a retchlesse ioy,
that sees not his ovvne harmes,

Toyle caſtes out many a vayne conſayte,
that reſt brings in by ſvvarmes.
If toyle bring theſe good things
that I haue told before,
And reſt but vvant and beggrie breedes,
vvith ſundrie miſchiefes more:
They ought haue endleſſe lavvd,
that in theſe loytring dayes
Set ydle hands and heads a vvorke,
to vvinne immortall prayſe.
And they that firſt found out
the ſtrange and forrayne ſoyle,
Are gone themſelues to vvin the priſe,
or take the open foyle,
Which ſhevves them more than men,
halfe Gods if I ſay troth,
VVhole kingdomes ſcarcely cā ſuffice
their minds and manhoode both.
Novv haue they taken leaue
of vvorldly pleaſures all,
That yong and luſty vvere to liue,
and novv to toyle they fall
That finely vvere brought vp,
yea novv they bidde adievv,
The glittring Court, the gallāt tovvne,
the gorgious garments nevv,
The brauerie of this vvorld,
the pride and pomp of earth,

And looke not backvvard any vvay,
to ritches, race, or birth.
To vvorthy vvife nor friend,
to babes nor neereſt kinne,
But only to the Lord aboue,
and iourney they are in.
And all for Countreys cauſe,
and to enrich the ſame,
Novv do they hazard all they haue:
and ſo for vvealth and fame,
They fare along the Seas,
they ſayle and tide it out,
They hale and ſtretch the ſheates aloft,
they toyle and dread no doubt.
They feede on Bisket hard,
and drincke but ſimple beere,
Salt beefe, and Stockfiſh drie as kecke,
is novv their greateſt cheere.
And ſtill a fulſome ſmell
of pitch and tarre they feele,
And vvhen Seaſicke (God vvot) they are,
about the Shippe they reele.
And ſtomacke belcheth vp,
a diſh that Hadocks ſeeke,
A bitter meſſe of ſundry meates,
a Sirrope greene as leeke.
Then head and heart doth heaue,
and body vvaxeth cold:

Yet face vvill sweat, a heauie sight,
the same is to behold:
But they must needes abide
a greater brunt than this,
And hope that after hellish paynes,
there commes a time of blisse.
Yet note the torments strange,
that toyling saylers haue,
Who liues at mercie of the Seas:
yea surge and swelling vvaue,
Would svvallovv vp the Shippe,
if Pylots vvere not good,
And some in time of great distresse,
vnto their tackle stood.
Sometime a flavv of vvind
blovves Maister ore the Hatch,
And Boy fro toppe coms tumbling downe,
and at a cord doth catch
To saue his sillie life,
aloofe then cries my mates,
No neerer shore the Ship she tucks,
and on the sand she grates.
And plying for aboorde,
about the Vessell goes,
And through the shroudes and clouted Sayles
a gale of vvinde there bloes,
That seemes to shake the Barke,
in sunder euery ribbe,

Then

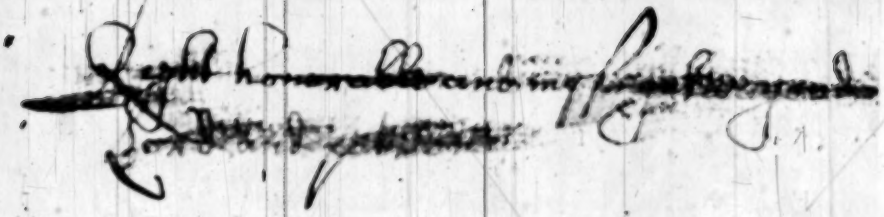
Then is no time to heaue the can,
to crie carous and bibbe,
But each man to his vvorke,
they fall and flie apace,
In necke of this a man of vvarre
that seekes to giue the chace,
They spie in halfe a kenne,
vp Souldyoures ho in hast
The Captayne calls, yet vnder hatch,
a sort of them are plast,
To beate the enmie out,
that should the Shippe assayle,
At length the Cannon bullet flyes,
and shotte as thicke as hayle
Goes off to murther men,
and such a smoke doth rise,
As fevv may vvell regard the seas,
or scarce behold the Skyes.
Some grone and bidde goodnight,
their day vvatch vvaxeth dimme,
Some cã not speake their heads are off,
and some haue lost a limme.
Some lyes on hatches lame,
they haue no legges to stand,
And some haue lost the vse of arme,
or maymed of a hand,

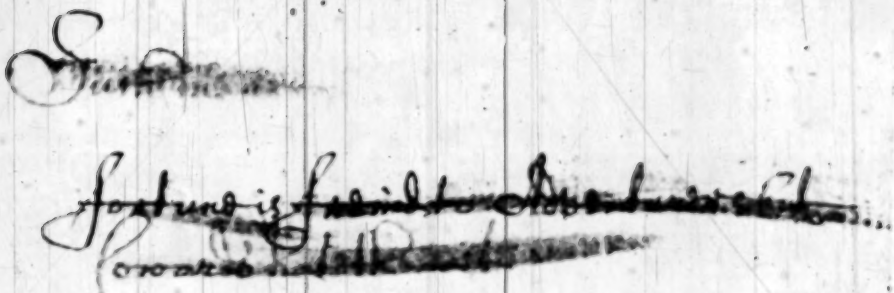
And ſome are fighting ſtill,
and gets no harme at all,
But he that ſpeedeth beſt the vvhile,
makes boaſt thereof but ſmall.
Theſe bravvles and bloudy broyles
to end or quiet brought,
A nevv beginnes, as yll a ſtorme,
that troubles more their thought:
The Rockes and vvretched ſtreights,
that they muſt ſafely paſſe,
The narrovv Creekes & doubts they find
in compaſſe of their glaſſe,
Is daunger vvonders great,
ſo that theſe Saylers toyle,
Reſts all on hazards, eare they come
to any certayne ſoyle.
I could rehearſe a heape
of ſorrovves that they haue,
But you that liue in peace at home,
and mince the matter braue,
Will ſcarce beleeue a troth,
and toyle that trauelers take.
Well noble Pilgrims, as in Verſe
I vvrite this for your ſake,
In Proſe at your returne,
looke for a greater prayſe,

A Booke that to the loftie Skyes,
your rare renovvne ſhall rayſe.
This vvrite I for your friends
that you haue left behinde,
Your vvorthy vviues, vvhoſe patient hearts
beare many things in mind,
And ſitte and ſhakes their heads
at that they can not mend,
And many a ſigh and ſadde conſaite,
along the Seas they ſend,
To followv thoſe that flie
from them God vvot to faſt,
And carried are in rotten Barkes
about vvith euery blaſt,
And toſſed vp and dovvne
the Seas, our Lord knovves vvhere.
O Husbãds vvhẽ you ſavv your vviues,
ſhedde many a bitter teare,
Hovv could you part from them?
the cace is aunſvverd thus,
You are not ruld by loue of babes,
nor vvomens vvilles yevvus.
But guided by ſuch grace,
as God himſelfe hath ſent,
And that you do, is done indeede
vnto a good intent.

God graunt you good ſucceſſe,
the vvhole harts eaſe you craue,
As much of vvealth and honor both
as euer men may haue.
A ſafe and ſhort returne, vv
not long from home to dvvell,
A quiet happy iourney ſtill,
and ſo deere friends farevvell.

FINIS.





A welcome home to Maſter Martin Frobuſher, and all thoſe Gentlemen and Souldiers, that haue bene with him this laſt iourney, in the Countrey called (*Meta incognita*) whiche welcome was written ſince this Booke was put to the Printing, and ioyned to the ſame Booke, for a true teſtimony of Churchyardes good will, for the furtherance of Mayſter Frobuſhers fame.

Flue hundreth times, moſte welcome home
my friendes that farre haue bin,
When thouſands thought, that all was loſte
your fleete came ſafely in:
To glad their harts, that long bewailde
your toyle and hazard great:
O giue me leaue, in Engliſh verſe
a whyle on this to treat,
That doth dezerue, ſuch worldes renowme
and come to ſuch good end,
As forceth friends to fauour much
and foes may well commend.
You ſlouthfull ſnayles, that creepe not far,
and loue your ſhelles ſo well,

And you cold crousts, that haue smal crums
in cottage poore that dwell,
Now will you blush, or bende the browe,
to see how trauelers thryue,
Nay, now you ought goe helpe your selues
and rather seeke to striue
Against ill happe, that holdes you here,
when others worke for wealth,
And trudge abrode, to lengthen life,
and nourish wished health.
But adle heades, and idle braynes,
and babling tongues, I trowe,
Had rather sitte in smokie house
(or on the dunghill crowe
Like crauen Cockes) than goe abrode
where Fortune may be founde,
And serch where Gold, and Treasure lies
in bowels of the grounde.
A pecke of drosse, doth more content
the base and beggars minde,
Than heaped bushels, of good happe,
that paynefull toyle doth finde,

The

The thriftlesse will, not let to say,
ô giue me ease and rest,
A groate in purse, a coate on backe,
a homely house and nest,
And fie on Fame, and profite both,
that cõmes by breake of sleepe,
And but vaine pleasures of this world,
both harde to winne and keepe.
O mizers mindes, and wretches hartes,
if all men sought their ease,
And none should search out golden mines,
nor seeke their gaine by seas,
The worlde would sone be at an end,
or meate and clothe would fayle,
And those that now doe laugh and smyle,
at length would weepe and wayle.
And all a like, should Lorde and ladde
be sette by ery where,
The foole and wise man, would be one:
and voyde of loue or feare
The world should stand, for wealth & wit
is that which gouernes all,

Ana makes vs know the mighty sorte
and shoes the great from small.
Ff each man were a like in wealth,
as rogues and beggars are,
And none had skill, nor great foresight
for countreys cause to care,
Adeu good rule, and ritches too
and farewell vertues prayse:
But God be thankt, that we are borne
to liue in happier dayes,
When wittes will worke for wealths auayle
and sundry ryde and runne,
Yea hoyse vp sayle, and go themselues
as far as shines the sunne
Through thick and thin, & feare no foile,
as though to their good mindes
The Gods had made the lande and Seas,
the skies, the ayre and windes,
To follow that they haue deuisd
that take these toyles in hand.
And of late dayes, so great a flocke
of these are in this land,

That

That I haue scarce good leysure left,
to wryte their names a right,
And yeelde the prayse, and liuely lawd
is due to eury wight.
In deede our age for many things
exceedes the season past,
And yet some say, all things be old
and shall whyles world doth last.
But if no new deuise, did helpe
the age of that is gone,
Full weake and lame would be old toyes
these dayes to looke vpon.
I graunt the graue, olde sages wise,
began to breake the yce,
Made smoeth rough ways, set vertue vp,
and flatly threw downe vice,
Built goodly towres, reard walles aloft,
and to be briefe and short,
Saylde throwe a world, saw eury creeke
and knew each common port,
But all they did, hath time reformd
or made more perfite still,

As cunning came, and new deuise
tooke place from auntient skill.
So though our elders trauaylde farre,
yea, went the worlde about:
Yet many things, our fathers witts,
as yet could nere finde out:
Whiche they did leaue, to yonger heads,
and men of later birth,
To search, & see, what hidden wealth,
lay lurking deepe in earth:
As loe, in (Meta cognita)
is knowne, & founde of laet,
By those, that through their venture great
both golde and glory gaet.
O Frobusher, thy brute and name
shalbe enrold in bookes,
That whosoeuer after cõms,
and on thy labour lookes
Shall muse and maruell at thyne actes,
and greatnesse of thy minde.
If say no more, least some affirme
If fanne thy face with winde,

I flatter for affections ſake:
well, God ſhall witneſſe be,
In this thy prayſe (and other Bookes)
I ſpeake but right of thee.
A Boke I made, at thy Farewell,
in proſe (where ere it is)
Another for thy Welcome home,
thou ſhalte haue after this,
If this miſlike thee any whitte.
So here mine owne good friend
I bid thee welcome once againe,
and therewith make an ende.

THus haue I playnely expreſſed with pen, what portion of good will I beare to all thoſe that valiantly and worthily are workers to the enriching & honour of our common wealth: And ſurely I thinke, I am as well bounde to wryte in the praiſe of thoſe that accompanied Mayſter Frobuſher this voyage, as all together gyue one alone the commendations of a generall labour and manly enterpriſe: But I wante their names, that gladly I wiſhe great fame vnto, and willingly I would put in a Regiſter of good reporte, which in time to come may be touched, not in the reſpect only of the paynes they haue taken, which merites much, but to the encouragyng of others to the like aduenture, I woulde beſtowe ſome Verſes on this rare bande, where in is a knot of right honeſt Gentlemen, and a crewe of good companions, whoſe forwardneſſe may not be forgotten, and whoſe faithfull ſeruice claymes a great conſideration and a good regarde. For, although that commonly a

Captayn

Captayne carries away the credite of battayles and victories where the Souldiers haue done their duties, & haue bene an occasion of triumph and conquest; yet by the iudgement of a sounde sense and vncorrupted witte, the branches of the tree that bring forth leaues, blossoms and fruite, oughte as much to be spoken of, as the bare bodye of the same, which without branches, (though it haue neuer so greate sappe) is but bare rayne or little esteemed. I remember of late dayes a victory wonne against the Turkes on the Sea, and one man went away with the glory of the same, whiche bredde such disdayne among the rest in whome the force dyd lie, that from that time to this present houre, the greate man that wente away with this glory was neuer called or desired to take the same charge in hande agayne. Neuertheless some one Generall and Captayne, is more happier and more necessarie than a number of the Mercenary people: For I reade, that a great conquerour after he had receyued his deaths wounde, with causing himselfe to be carried aboute the fielde in a chayre, gaue suche a terrour and feare to the enimies, that they ranne away, and had not the courage to defende their liues and liberties, the dignity, and name, and presence of the person before rehearsed, had so daunted them and taken away the vse of their spyrytes. And many matters and noble Histories make mention, that one mans happe, courage and conduite, is farre better (at some instant and season) than the inconstant opinions of a multitude. But yet for al that, it is good to haue wise and stoute Soldiours, whose obedience and manhode deserues as much commendation, as their Captaines can wish to themselues. When in another worke this may come in question, I will more largely dealle therwith among the discourses of warre. And so for this presente I trouble you no further.

Thomas Churchyarde.